

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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John  Jameson

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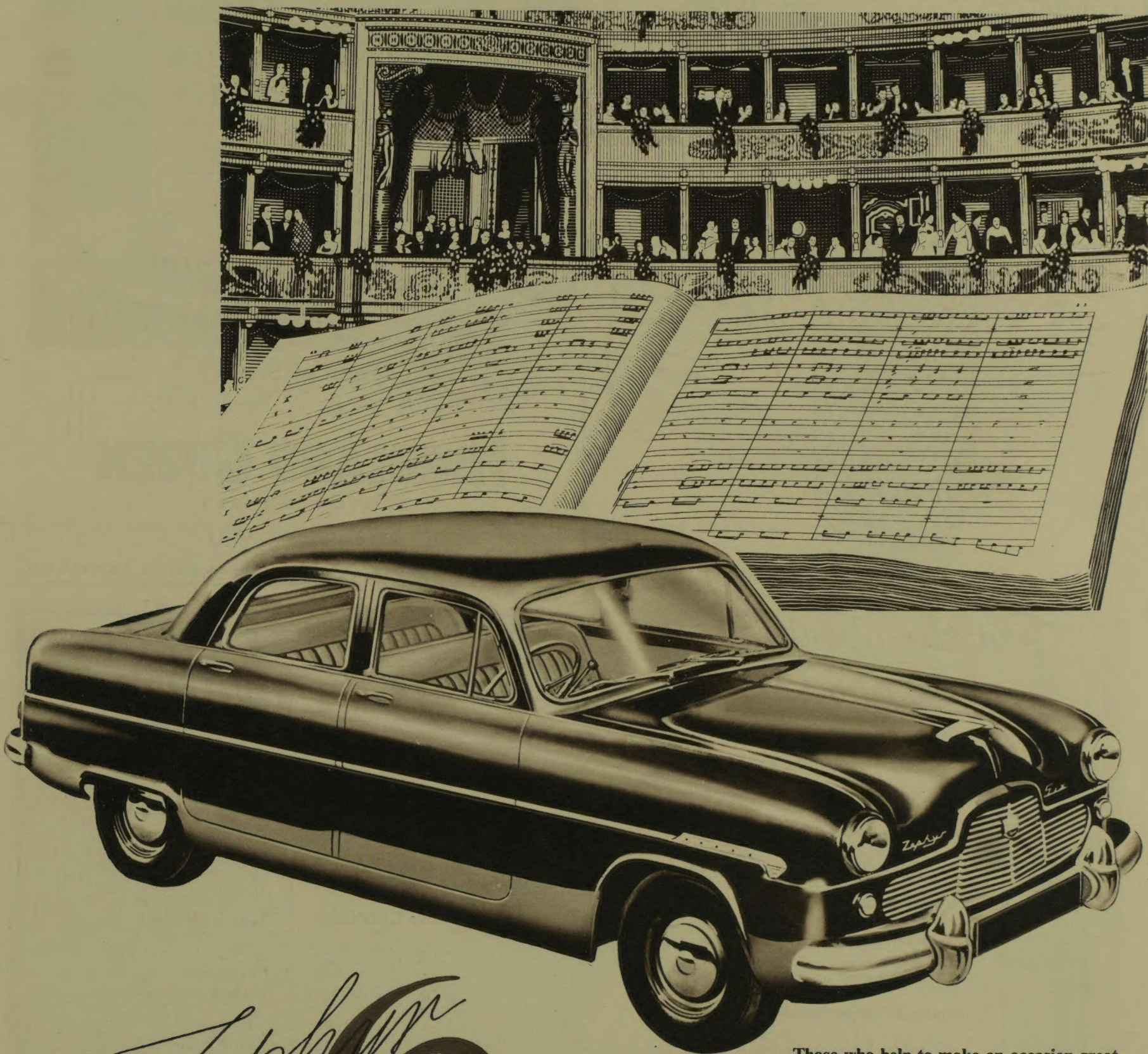
*makes things better
for everyone*

Unchanged in form for generations, the flimsy paper dart fashioned by childish fingers shares much with the supersonic fighter of the 'fifties. Its shape . . . its slimness . . . its simplicity. But here, at simplicity, the resemblance fades. For within the gleaming shell of the modern aircraft all is complex. Pressurisation . . . power controls . . . pipes and pumps and control rods . . . radio and radar . . . the gallery of instruments. The progress of aeronautics in the fifty years since the first powered flight astonishes even those most intimately concerned with it. Amongst the names to be found on the fast-turning pages of the story of flight is that of Dunlop. Today the world's most famous Civil, Military and Naval aircraft carry evidence of the air-mindedness of Dunlop . . . in their tyres, wheels and brakes; their Maxaret Anti-Skid Units; their systems of pneumatic actuation; their numerous rubber accessories. By serving these who challenge and master the air, Dunlop makes things better for everyone.

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“To the question, what shall we do
to be saved in this world?
There is no other answer but this:
Look to your Moat!”

GEORGE SAVILLE, Marquis of Halifax, 1633-1695.

You don't have to tell Gordon Hodge, London postman, that defence is a life-and-death matter for Britain. Gordon helped to fight off the long, deadly peril of the last war and he and all thinking people know that this nation must never again stand naked. Three hundred years have multiplied the vulnerability as well as the population of our island home. But as the bastion of Western defence it can, *it will*, stand fast for freedom.

Boldest among the builders of British defensive strength is the Hawker Siddeley Group. Aircraft like the Hawker Hunter, the Gloster Javelin and the Avro Vulcan are the sinews of air supremacy, while Armstrong-

Whitworth-pioneered rockets and guided missiles revolutionise ground defences.

In the protection of Britain's 'Moat', the Avro Shackleton has a big and vital part. The Shackleton has long been the finest long-range ocean patroller in service anywhere and in the Shackleton Mk. 3, now in production for the R.A.F. and the South African Air Force, Britain and her allies have a still more formidable and far-reaching sub-hunter: a powerful aircraft bringing destruction to under-water raiders—or motorised rescue craft to ditched flyers and shipwreck survivors.



Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1

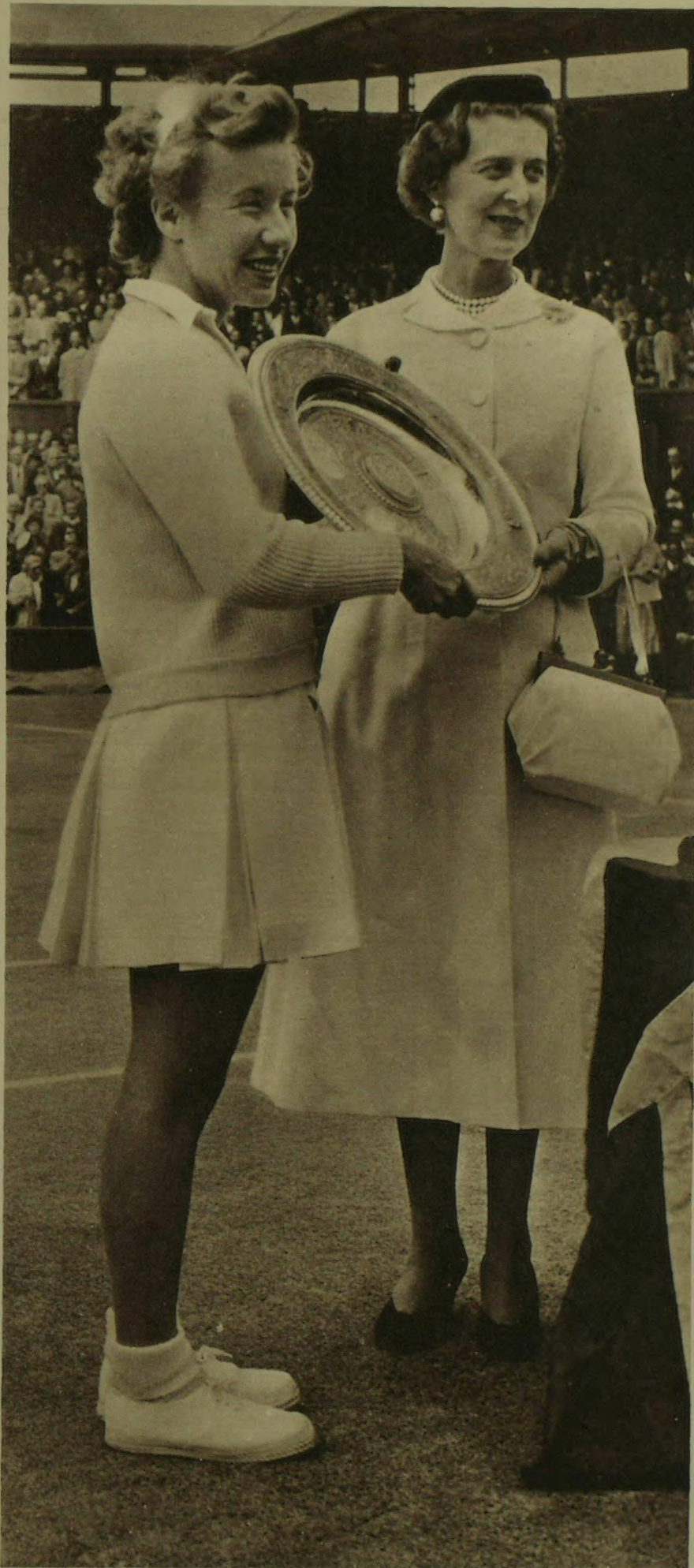
PIONEER . . . AND WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1954.



THE 1954 WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONS AND MEN'S SINGLES RUNNER-UP: K. R. ROSEWALL, FINALIST, J. DROBNY, NEW CHAMPION, HOLDING TROPHY, AND (RIGHT) MISS M. CONNOLLY, WHO RETAINED HER TITLE, WITH THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

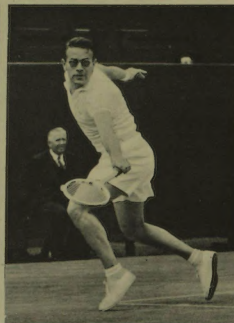
J. Drobny (Egypt), who this year had reached the final in the Men's Singles at Wimbledon for the third time, won the coveted Championship title by beating K. R. Rosewall, the nineteen-year-old Australian, in one of the finest and most valiantly-fought finals ever seen. He won by 13-11, 4-6, 6-2, 9-7 in the longest Singles final—2 hours 36 mins.—in the history of the Championships. Drobny, who is thirty-two, first played at Wimbledon in 1938, and this is his eleventh

attempt to win the Championship. His victory was extremely popular and he received a great ovation. Miss Maureen Connolly (United States) retained her title as Women's Singles champion by defeating Miss Louise Brough, 6-2, 7-5, in the final. The final of the Men's Singles was watched by the King of Sweden, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent; and the Duchess of Kent, President of the All England Lawn Tennis Club, presented the trophies.

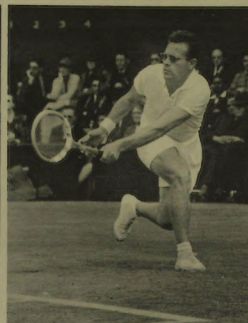
THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON:



SECOND SERVICE.



BACKHAND DEFENSIVE LOB.



RUNNING FOREHAND DRIVE.

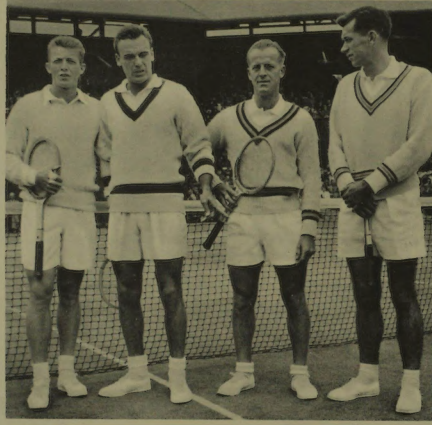


BACKHAND HALF-VOLLEY.

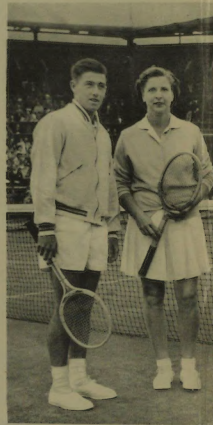
J. DROBNY IN ACTION: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON, SHOWING



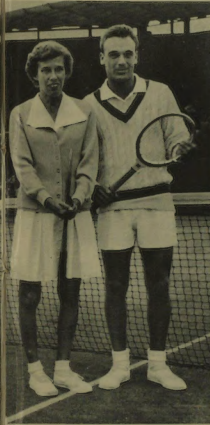
THE WOMEN'S SINGLES CHAMPION: MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY (U.S.A.), WHO BEAT MISS LOUISE BROUGH (U.S.A.) 6-2, 7-5, IN THE FINAL.



THE MEN'S DOUBLES FINALISTS: (RIGHT TO LEFT) M. G. ROSE AND R. N. HARTWIG, OF AUSTRALIA, WHO BEAT V. SEIXAS AND T. TRABERT, OF U.S.A., 6-4, 6-4, 3-6, 6-4. THE WINNERS THUS AVENGED THEIR DEFEAT IN THE FRENCH CHAMPIONSHIPS.



THE MIXED DOUBLES FINALISTS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. R. ROSEWALL (AUSTRALIA) AND MISS D. HART (U.S.A.), WHO LOST TO THE TITLE-HOLDERS, MISS D. HART (U.S.A.) AND V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.) 7-5, 4-6, 3-6.



THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES FINALISTS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MISS S. FRY AND MISS D. HART OF U.S.A., WHO LOST THE TITLE THEY HAVE HELD FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS TO THEIR COMPATRIOTS, MISS L. BROUGH AND MRS. W. DU PONT, 6-4, 7-9, 3-6.



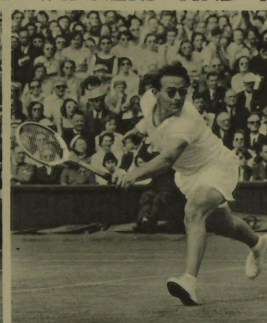
RUNNER-UP IN THE LADIES' SINGLES FINAL: MISS L. BROUGH (U.S.A.) IN PLAY AGAINST MISS CONNOLLY. MISS BROUGH WAS CHAMPION IN 1948, 1949 AND 1950.



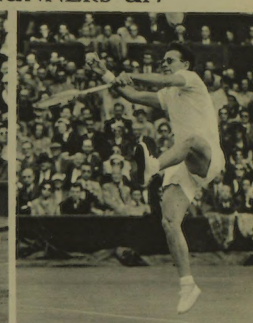
FOREHAND VOLLEY.



ATTACKING FOREHAND VOLLEY.



RUNNING BACKHAND VOLLEY.

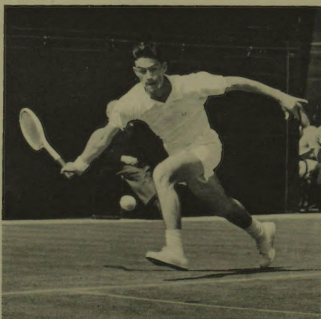


FOREHAND SMASH.

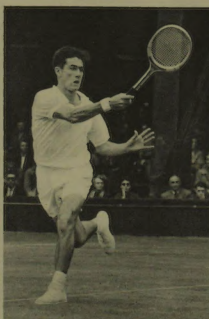
THE IMMENSE VARIETY OF STROKES HE USED; AND WHICH ENABLED HIM TO WIN THE MEN'S SINGLES TITLE.



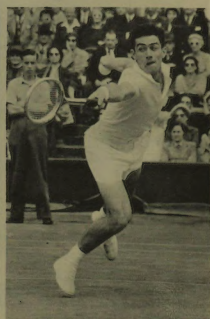
SECOND SERVICE.



RUNNING FOREHAND DRIVE.



FOREHAND VOLLEY.

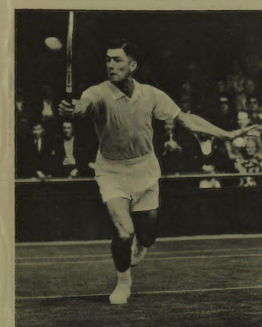


BACKHAND VOLLEY.

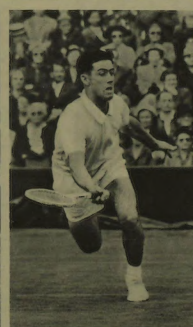
THE RUNNER-UP TO DROBNY: THE NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD AUSTRALIAN, K. R. ROSEWALL, SHOWING SOME

The intense interest which first-class lawn tennis arouses and the enthusiasm shown by spectators is easily understood when one considers the variety which play of the first rank provides and the excitement it offers. On these pages we give a series of action photographs of the new champion, J. Drobny, and another of the runner-up, K. R. Rosewall; and we also show the Women's Singles champion, Miss M. Connolly, and the finalist, Miss Louise Brough, in play; and give groups of the finalists in the

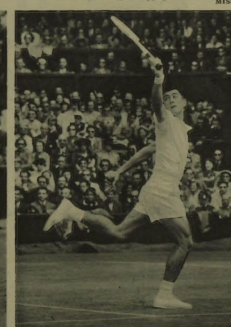
Men's Doubles, R. N. Hartwig and M. G. Rose, who beat V. Seixas and T. Trabert; the Mixed Doubles finalists, V. Seixas and Miss D. Hart, who successfully defended their title against K. R. Rosewall and Mrs. du Pont; and the Women's Doubles finalists, Miss L. Brough and Mrs. du Pont, who beat the holders of 1953, Miss S. Fry and Miss D. Hart. The Singles match between the player who started favourite, T. Trabert (U.S.A.) and the Australian, K. R. Rosewall, was a brilliant contest,



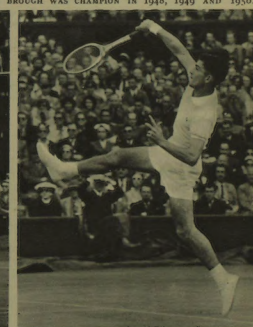
HIGH ATTACKING BACKHAND VOLLEY.



FOREHAND LOB-VOLLEY.



BACKHAND SMASH FROM A LOB.



FOREHAND SMASH.

OF THE MANY FINE STROKES HE EMPLOYED IN HIS VAIN BID TO WIN THE SINGLES TITLE AT WIMBLEDON.

Rosewall's half-volleys in the forecourt exchanges, his swift and sudden volleys of smashes and his astonishing changes of direction were dazzling; while Trabert's impressive deep drives and decisive volleys seemed at one time to be likely to ensure success. Drobny and Rosewall's long and hard-fought final provided moments of intense excitement. Drobny's skilful lobbing was a feature of the contest and he exhibited his usual formidable service. Both men indeed served magnificently, and

the returns for the services were strokes to be remembered. The Women's Singles final, played in a troublesome, gusty wind, showed what a grand player Miss Maureen Connolly is—able to produce the extra speed of a stroke, the change of pace and direction called for in moments of stress, and the had an opponent of high quality in Miss L. Brough, who had won the title three times. In the Mixed Doubles Seixas and Miss D. Hart had a stiff match against Rosewall and Mrs. du Pont.



By SIR ARTHUR BRYANT.

A SHORT while ago I listened to the Headmaster of one of our greatest, though newest, public schools making his annual review of the school's activities at its prize-giving ceremony. Such speeches are not usually notable for originality, and, in view of the fact that they have to be made in almost exactly identical circumstances every year and in every school in Britain, it is hard to see how they can be. Yet this speech was an exception. For in the course of it the Headmaster said something which not only had a direct and most illuminating bearing on the peculiar character of his own school, but which was, in my opinion, profoundly true and which I had never before realised.

The most valuable quality which education could bring out in a boy, he suggested, was the capacity to concentrate. It was the exercise of this capacity that made a human being both a free and disciplined creature. It mattered comparatively little in what subject or pursuit a boy mastered this art and made a habit of it; the important thing was to learn how to concentrate and to discover in doing so the satisfaction, self-mastery and self-forgetfulness that came with it. In this particular school a wider range of subject both of study and play is offered than in most schools; and the object of this, though I had never before considered this point, must clearly be to offer the maximum possible opportunity for a boy, by following his natural bent, to lose himself in some all-absorbing activity and, by losing himself, to find himself. And the proof of the pudding is in the eating. In my periodic visits to the school, spread over a long period of years, I have always noticed on first arrival a curious contrast to the usual routine of school life. Instead of everything seeming to be regimented as in a well-conducted barracks, I have been struck by the absence of any appearance of formalism and by an air, which I have only lately discovered to be deceptive, of casualness. My first reaction to this has usually tended to be unfavourable, for I am a very conventional, conservative being who was bred, like, indeed, the headmaster of this remarkable school—my contemporary and one-time schoolfellow—in a very conservative school and conservative home. When I visit a school I expect to see the, to me, familiar signs of an almost Prussian hierarchy, clearly defined discipline, and clockwork efficiency. And, though rather an untidy person myself, I dislike untidiness, casualness and every external sign of unorthodoxy! My ideal is the Brigade of Guards, my *bête noir* Bohemianism! Yet I have never been in this school for more than an hour without becoming profoundly impressed by its atmosphere and spirit. For, once inside its walls and beautiful grounds, it does not take even the most unobservant visitor long to discover that every boy, going about his own individual and apparently unregimented business, is completely absorbed in that business and is performing it in accordance with some undefined, yet clearly perceptible, orchestration of the school's activities. The community operates on what one of Nelson's captains once defined as the basis of his disciplinary system; that every officer under him knew exactly the limits within which he had to operate, yet within those limits had perfect freedom to do his duty as he saw best. There is discipline here, but it is the discipline of free men—the most effective, because the most voluntary and therefore vitalising, in the world.

This business of teaching the art and habit of individual concentration seems to me of immense importance. It is the real key to the future preservation of what we call freedom. Absolute freedom in the sense of every man doing exactly what he likes or elects to do—good or bad—under every conceivable circumstance there clearly cannot be in this world without chaos: a state of affairs which rapidly and inevitably creates the contrary of freedom, tyranny. Order is a prerequisite of creative and happy living, for without order brutality is certain to prevail before long. Yet unless order is related very closely to the deeply implanted instinct for freedom in the individual

soul, order becomes an automatic and ultimately sterile thing. To induce human beings voluntarily to order themselves in relation to a common scheme of society is the greatest of all mankind's problems. It cannot be solved by abstract and purely intellectual means; by academic classes in citizenship or disquisitions on political science like this rambling essay. The bulk of mankind can never be wooed by such means. What is wanted is a practical mechanism, not only of education, but of life, which naturally induces and so teaches men to concentrate. We probably came nearer to such a social mechanism in this country before the last century than in any other society recorded by history. Certainly in no other country was there so high a proportion of citizens who took pride and pleasure in their work. Were there ever in relation to the total size of the population so many fine, enthusiastic and skilful craftsmen, mechanics, husbandmen, shepherds, farmers, merchants, seamen, inventors, writers, artists and, I would add, housewives, as in Britain at the beginning of the nineteenth century? And I am not sure that the opposite is not now true; were there ever in relation to that total population so few of such men as in this country in the middle of the twentieth century? Perhaps this is a pessimistic and ignorant exaggeration: I hope it is. Yet, as one looks in the faces of one's fellow-citizens to-day, how many does one see in which an alert enthusiasm is the predominating trait in which all-absorbing interest in some chosen task marks the eyes and face? I have often in the past seen that look in the faces of old craftsmen and countrymen. I see it occasionally to-day, too, in the faces of those who work, with such pride and just pride in their achievement, in a little West Country farming community with which I am associated; in many professional sailors, soldiers and airmen—perhaps the most alert and best-educated class in our uprooted, half-revolutionised modern society; in the voluntary workers of a great charitable organisation to which I am privileged to belong; in a house of publishers whose chairman—a born leader of men—has infected every member of his staff with his own enthusiasm for his, and their, common task. I meet it occasionally, too, in other places. It exists in modern Britain a little more commonly perhaps than is obvious or easily perceived. Yet in large sections of the community—almost, I am afraid, in an overwhelming proportion of it—it appears to be almost completely lacking. Men are listless about their work, even listless often—as one realises watching so much professional sport to-day—about their games. The root of real freedom is not in them, because, for all our vast national expenditure on education, they have never been trained to concentrate and to seek for themselves the happiness and self-mastery which concentration induces. There is a famous passage in Borrow's "Lavengro" in which he apostrophises the man who pursues his calling with whole hearted devotion:

... O ye gifted ones, follow your calling, for however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling; . . . follow resolutely the one straight path before you, it is that of your good angel; let neither obstacles nor temptations induce you to leave it; bound along if you can; if not, on hands and knees follow it, perish in it, if needful; but ye need not fear that; no one ever yet died in the true path of his calling before he had attained the pinnacle. Turn into other paths, and for a momentary advantage or gratification ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality.

Yet there is more to it even than that, for it is not only of men specially gifted that this is true. It is capable of application to every man, however modestly endowed, however humble, who devotes himself with self-forgetting devotion and zeal to the work which is his lot in life. A nation which is largely comprised of such men is a nation holding the keys of its own future—a nation of men and women who command their destiny and so are free.

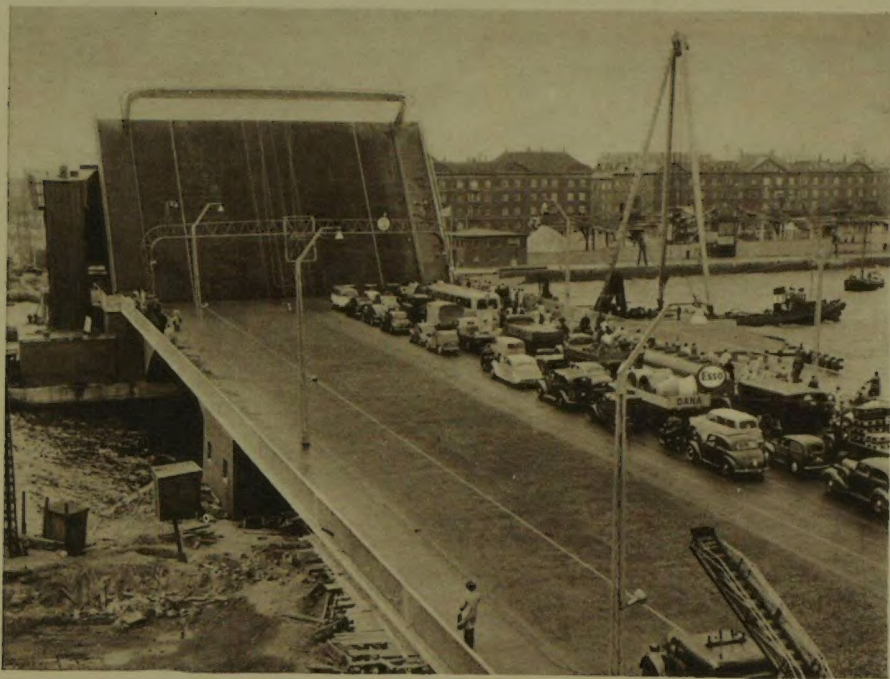
A NOBLE MEMORIAL TO OUR LATE WELL-LOVED KING.



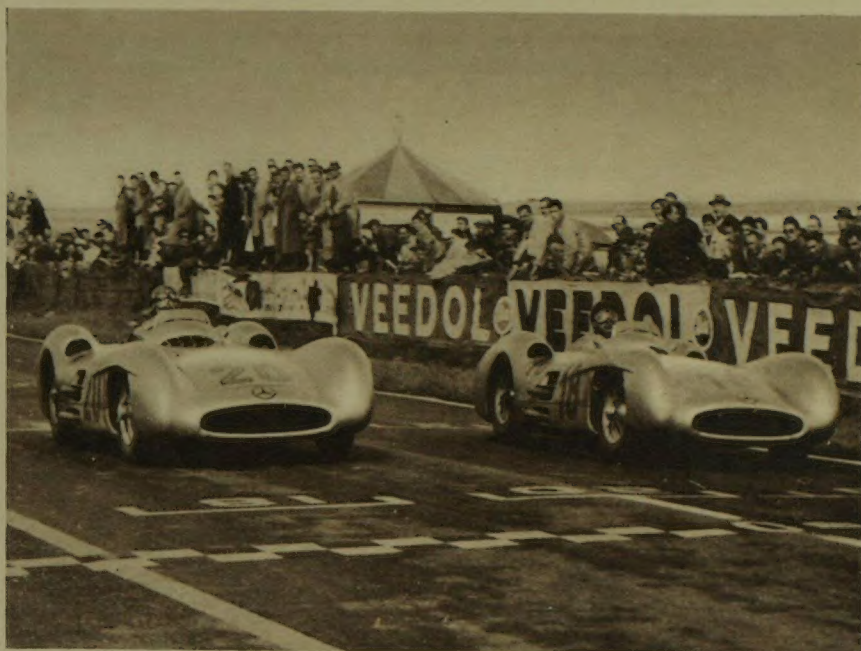
COMPLETING A SERIES OF FIFTEEN WINDOWS DESIGNED AND CARRIED OUT BY MR. HUGH EASTON FOR THE GARRISON CHURCH, ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS, CHATHAM: TWO WINDOWS IN MEMORY OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI., WHICH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ARRANGED TO UNVEIL ON JULY 8.

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester arranged to unveil two windows in the Garrison Church, R.N. Barracks, Chatham, on July 8, in memory of his late Majesty King George VI. These complete a series of fifteen windows designed and carried out by Hugh Easton which encircle the east end of the church. Those in memory of King George VI., which we reproduce, show (on the left) the Resurrection and (below) a small representation of the bier of his late Majesty being drawn by the gun-party of men of the Royal Navy from Chatham. The right-hand panel bears a representation of the Royal Arms of King George VI., and below them his late Majesty's Admiral's cap and sword on the White Ensign. The words under the right-hand window are as follows: "Remember before God King George VI., who loved his Navy and devoted his life to the service of his people. Yet have I seen him live and owned my friend, a King: all that he came to give he gave: and I who sing his praise, Bring all I have to bring." Mr. Hugh Easton, the distinguished artist in stained glass, was responsible for the Battle of Britain Memorial and other windows in Westminster Abbey; the American Memorial to King George V. and Coronation windows, Winchester Cathedral, the window at Rolls-Royce Works, Derby, and many other notable windows.

A 150-YEAR-OLD RAILWAY, AND NEWS ITEMS FROM THREE COUNTRIES.



THE NEW LANGEBO—LONG BRIDGE—AT COPENHAGEN, AFTER ITS RECENT OPENING TO TRAFFIC. IT CONNECTS THE CITY WITH THE ISLAND OF AMAGER AND REPLACES AN OBSOLETE BRIDGE, IN WHICH THE CENTRE SECTION USED TO SWIVEL. THE NEW BRIDGE LIFTS TO ALLOW SAILING TRAFFIC THROUGH.



THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF MERCEDES-BENZ TO GRAND PRIX: THE FIRST (NO. 18) AND SECOND (NO. 20) DRIVING SIDE BY SIDE IN THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX ON JULY 4. The German Mercedes-Benz racing cars made their first post-war appearance in Grand Prix racing at Rheims on July 4. One of the three withdrew after doing the fastest lap at 121.46 m.p.h., but the other two, driven by Fangio and Kling, led from start to finish without being extended. Fangio (No. 18) finished first by less than a length from Kling in 2 hours 42 mins. 47.9 secs. at 115.9 m.p.h.



AN AMERICAN WOMAN OFFICER (RIGHT) ADMIRING THE NEW UNIFORM OF TWO W.R.A.F. OFFICERS. The new W.R.A.F. uniform, which was worn in public for the first time on June 29, was designed by Mr. Victor Stiebel "to conform to women's post-war shape . . . square shoulders, flat bust and the longish jackets of pre-war are no longer fashionable."



THE NEW FOUNTAIN IN THE GREEN PARK, PICCADILLY, WHICH WAS ACCEPTED ON JUNE 30. This new fountain, of bronze and granite, is by Mr. Estcourt J. Clack and was presented by the Constance Fund (formed in memory of Mr. Sigismund Goetze). It is near the Down Street gates and was accepted by Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Works, in an inaugural ceremony.



A BLUE SHARK, WEIGHING 115 1/2 LB., CAUGHT BY DR. NORMAN LORRAINE, NEAR EDDYSTONE, ON JUNE 25. This Blue Shark was caught on rod and line, in drizzle and freshening wind, by Dr. Lorraine, who is a pioneer of shark-fishing off these coasts. On this occasion he was based at Nailzee Point, Cornwall. The fish fought for about 45 mins. and was 7 ft. 5 ins. long.



ON THE SWANSEA AND MUMBLES RAILWAY, WHILE CELEBRATING ITS 150TH BIRTHDAY: A REPLICA OF ONE OF THE ORIGINAL HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGES. The Swansea and Mumbles Railway, which claims to be the world's earliest railway to carry passengers, opened in 1804 as a mineral line, and its terminus was then Oystermouth. It began to carry passengers



AN EARLY CARRIAGE OF THE SWANSEA AND MUMBLES RAILWAY—WITH APPROPRIATE PASSENGERS—DRAWN BY A DIESEL SHUNTER DISGUISED AS AN EARLY STEAM LOCOMOTIVE. In 1807 and was horse-drawn for the first seventy-odd years of its life. After that it changed to steam and is now electrified. On June 29 its 150th birthday was celebrated in the manner shown above.

THE OPENING OF JAPAN TO THE WESTERN WORLD.

"CHINA SEAS AND JAPAN"; Abridged and Edited by SIDNEY WALLACH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"ON July 8, 1853," states the Introduction, "ninety-two years before the mighty *Missouri* anchored in Tokyo Bay to receive its Japanese Delegation, another United States naval squadron moved into the Bay of Yedo, as Tokyo was then called. The full significance of this visit of ships known to the Japanese as the 'Black Ships of Evil Mien' is, and will be, a subject of endless conjecture. For it meant the opening of Japan to the world, with drastic political, military, and industrial consequences in Japan itself; its rapid development as a world Power; a series of wars with China, Russia, and European Powers; and, to-day, its emergence as an anchorage in the wall of resistance to threatened Communist aggression." "Endless conjecture" there may well be. Some will maintain that there was already a simmering in "isolationist" Japan which must have ultimately broken with the long tradition; others may argue that the entry of the United States naval ships into Japanese waters "in violation of the law of Japan," led that proud people into a mood of "If you insist on contact, contact you shall jolly well have," and ultimately to Pearl Harbour.

The prevalent view in the "Anglo-Saxon World" was that if anybody in any country wanted to trade with anybody in any other country, he had a natural right so to do, whatever the local laws. We ourselves have not a completely unblemished record. There was the "Opium War." A case could be put up for it: we had the opium, and the Chinese wanted it, and plenty of Chinese mandarins were willing to get a "squeeze" out of it. The American barging into Japan was sheer incursion.

Commodore Perry was an extremely determined man. "Heavy-built, handsome, and with imposing uniform, he was an impressive figure to his junior officers, and to many of the crew a fearsome terror. Heavy eyebrows added to the awesome effect. His seamen believed that there could not be a fairer man than the Commodore, but 'God help you if you slipped.' A passion for neatness and discipline extended into every part of the ship. A speck of dirt was enough to evoke his thunderbolts. There were some to complain of his iron methods. His interpreter confided to his private diary that 'the vexatious manner in which Perry can annoy those under him without caring for the perplexity he occasions makes me glad that I never was disciplined to the Navy, where undistinguishing obedience is required. One gets into such a heartless way of doing everything that the whole soul gets callous; praise is never given when a thing is done well, and scolding plentifully administered annuls any desire to exert

lack of humour. One of his midshipmen wrote of him: "No-one appreciates a joke less than he does." He was also extremely thorough. Before he set out on his mission he read all the printed information about Japan he could get, not merely from booksellers, but from book collectors, and "in order to impress the Japanese, he set about assembling a wide variety of samples of American agricultural, industrial, and cultural products."

When he set out for Japan he probably knew a good deal more about Japan than the Japanese knew about America. There was one Japanese book which paid particular attention to the life of George Washington, and an eye-witness report on life in America by a stranded Japanese sailor who had spent several years there. Amongst his information



THE RECEPTION OF THE DEPUTATION AT URAGA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE, THE AMERICAN OFFICERS ON THE RIGHT AND THE JAPANESE DELEGATES IN THE FOREGROUND AND ON THE LEFT.

High Japanese functionaries received Commodore Perry and his suite at Uraga, and accepted the President's letter and other documents encased in handsome boxes.

was: "The people of America are upright and generous, and do no evil. Among them are neither homicides nor robberies, as a rule. . . . Refined people do not drink intoxicants, and only a small quantity, if they do. Vulgar people drink like the Japanese. . . . Husband and wife are exceedingly affectionate to each other, and the happiness of the home is unparalleled in other countries. The women do not use rouge, powder, and the like." After such a tribute it is no wonder that a section of the Japanese actually welcomed the arrival of emissaries from so virtuous a nation.

Perry landed first at Okinawa (more famous later), where he made it clear that he was going to have his own way. The Regent desired to receive him in his private house and not in the Palace; the Commodore took no notice of him and marched his men into the Palace, before adjourning to the house for a banquet. On his first visit to Tokyo, with a letter from the President to the Emperor, he was told that the answer would be given in the Bay of Yedo, but that it would be transmitted at Nagasaki, through the Dutch or Chinese superintendents. He was having none of that. "The Commander-in-Chief," he wrote, "will not go to Nagasaki, and will receive no communication through the Dutch or Chinese. He has a letter from the President of the United

States to deliver to the Emperor of Japan, or to his Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and he will deliver the original to none other—if this friendly letter of the President to the Emperor is not received and duly replied to, he will consider his country insulted, and will not hold himself accountable for the consequences. He expects a reply of some sort in a few days, and he will receive such reply nowhere but in this neighbourhood." [Bay of Uraga.] He had been instructed not to use force except in self-defence: if this isn't a threat of force, I don't know what is. Had the Japanese considered so themselves, as well they might, and fired on the

American ships, Perry would undoubtedly have joined battle, and one of the most unjustifiable wars in history would have started.

Happily — on the whole, there must have been a strong current of opinion in Japan in favour of taking down the curtain, and Perry's audacity succeeded. He came away in the end with a Treaty, giving the Americans *inter alia*, leave to enter certain areas in Japan, two temples to be used as resting-places, "until public houses and inns are erected for their convenience," and a burial ground "where their graves and tombs shall not be molested." The Americans agreed not to shoot birds or animals, "in conformity with Japanese custom." Amongst the presents they took back to their President were three Japanese dogs, of a small spaniel breed.

The official narrative, of which this is a reduced version (with charming contemporary illustrations), was compiled from Perry's own journal and diaries kept by members of his ship's company. In the main it is his personal narrative. It makes, to-day, fascinating reading, full of graphic descriptions, lively human touches, and passages of lively dialogue. If Perry had a maxim it certainly wasn't "Look before you leap," but "He who hesitates is lost."

In the present emergency it is interesting to read, after the lapse of a century, the passages about Russia. "She might aim to be a great maritime Power, and to rule mistress of the Pacific. . . . There were not wanting those who suspected that Russia was silently pursuing her own system of policy. If Commodore Perry unfortunately should fail in his peaceful attempts and be brought into hostile collision with the Japanese; Russia was on the spot [with a large naval force], not to mediate, but to tender to Japan her aid as an ally in the conflict, and if successful, to avail herself of the moment of confidence quietly to get a foothold in some part of the Kingdom, with the intention, at the proper time, of absorbing all." The Commodore, himself, was frankly prophetic. He foresaw a time when Russia would "stretch forth her power to the



THE COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN SQUADRON WHICH ANCHORED IN THE BAY OF YEDO (AS TOKYO WAS THEN CALLED) IN 1853: COMMODORE M. C. PERRY, U.S. NAVY.

By Courtesy of Library of Congress.
Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, who commanded the squadron of American ironclads and sailing vessels which opened Japan to the influence of the Western world in 1853, was the son of Captain Christopher Raymond Perry, and of Devonshire Quaker stock.



THE LANDING OF AMERICANS AT URAGA: A HISTORIC EVENT WHICH TOOK PLACE ON JULY 14, 1853.

On July 14, the Americans landed on Japanese soil and disembarked at Uraga. Guides in Japanese boats indicated the landing-place towards the centre of the curved shore, where a temporary wharf had been built; the advance boat touched the spot and Captain Buchanan, who commanded the party, sprang ashore, and was immediately followed by Major Zelin, of the Marines. The rest of the boats pulled in and disembarked their respective loads. When the Commodore arrived, his suite of officers formed a double line and he passed up between

one's self to please a superior." But he had great points. He was bred to the sea—his father was a captain in the U.S. Navy and his elder brother, Oliver, won the momentous victory on Lake Erie in 1813—he was intelligent, resolute and greatly ambitious, and his concentration was perhaps assisted by his

* "Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, under the Command of Commodore M. C. Perry, United States Navy"; Compiled at his request and under his supervision, by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. Abridged and Edited by Sidney Wallach. Illustrated. (Macdonald; 25s.)



SHOWING THE AWNING ON THE SUPERSTRUCTURE AND THE BANNERS: THE IMPERIAL BARGE YOKUHAMA.

The illustrations to the "Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan," which Sir John Squire reviews on this page, include this representation of the Imperial Japanese barge Yokuhama.

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Publishers of "China Seas and Japan."

coasts of China and Siam," and America would also have a foothold in Eastern Asia. "The antagonistic exponents of freedom and absolutism must thus meet at last, and then will be fought the mighty battle on which the world will look with breathless interest; for on its issue will depend the freedom or the slavery of the world. . . . I think I see in the distance the giants that are growing up for that fierce and final encounter; in the progress of events that battle must sooner or later be fought."

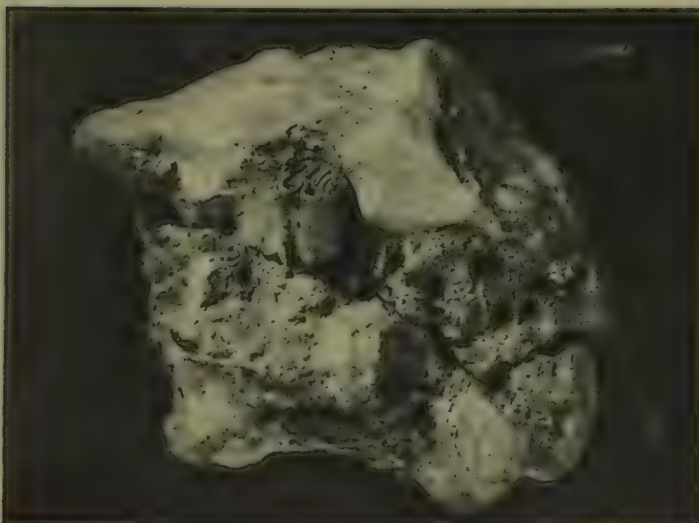
We can but hope that he was wrong.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 76 of this issue.

THE GREATEST OF ALL SCIENTIFIC PRACTICAL JOKES: THE PILTDOWN HOAX REVEALED IN FULL.



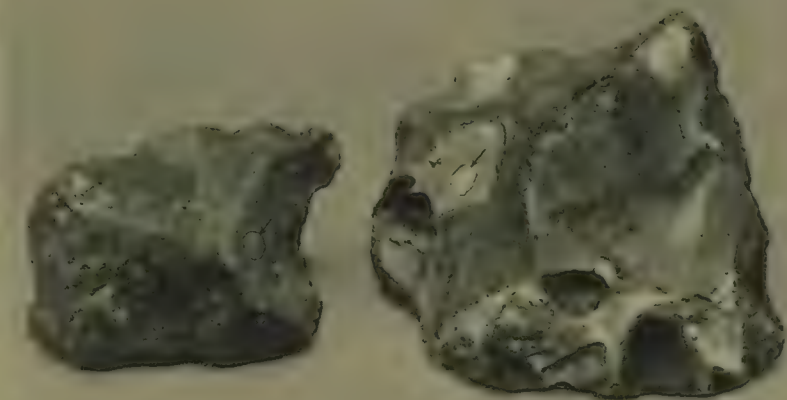
A PILTDOWN "PALÆOLITH". WHEN CHIPPED FOR TESTING—AT THE BASE—A BRIGHT WHITE UNSTAINED SURFACE WAS REVEALED, SHOWING THAT THE GENERAL STAINING WAS ARTIFICIAL.



A PILTDOWN EXHIBIT, PREPARED BY THE HOAXER: A FOSSIL BEAVER TOOTH, EMBEDDED IN GRAVELS. WHEN THIS WAS WASHED RECENTLY, THE GUM SHOWN IN THE BEAKER IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, RIGHT, CAME AWAY IN SOLUTION.



"THE PILTDOWN ZOO": THE GROUP OF ANIMAL REMAINS WHICH HAD BEEN "PLANTED" IN THE GRAVELS. (TOP) LEFT TO RIGHT, HORSE TOOTH, RHINO TOOTH, TWO MASTODON TEETH, TWO HIPPO TEETH; (MIDDLE) FOUR FRAGMENTS OF ELEPHANT TEETH OF A RARE TYPE, A CHIP OF BONE, FOUR BEAVER TEETH; (BOTTOM) A DEER ANTLER AND LEG BONE.



(R.) A PILTDOWN "FLINT TOOL" ON WHICH ACID WAS DROPPED, REVEALING A PALE SPOT (ARROWED) AND DISCLOSING ARTIFICIAL STAINING. (L.) A NATURALLY IRON-STAINED FLINT FROM PILTDOWN, WHERE THE ACID MAKES NO CHANGE.



(LEFT) THE PILTDOWN "BONE IMPLEMENT," DETAIL OF THE WORKED END; AND (RIGHT) A FOSSIL BONE FROM SWANSCOMBE, WORKED WITH A STEEL KNIFE RECENTLY AS A DEMONSTRATION IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. SUCH BONE CAN ONLY BE WORKED IN THIS MANNER AFTER FOSSILISATION; THEREFORE THE "IMPLEMENT" IS A MODERN FORGERY.



THE MOLARS IN THE PILTDOWN MANDIBLE PHOTOGRAPHED IN DETAIL TO SHOW THAT THEY HAD BEEN ARTIFICIALLY GROUND DOWN IN A WAY AND AT ANGLES IMPOSSIBLE IN LIVING WEAR. THE FLINT "IMPLEMENTS" WERE ALL STAINED WITH IRON, AND IN ONE CASE WITH A CHROMIUM COMPOUND; AND ACID AND CHIPPING TESTS REVEALED PALE OR WHITE SURFACES QUITE INCONSISTENT WITH THE NATURAL STAINING OF THE PILTDOWN GRAVELS.

On November 21, 1953, the announcement was made that "Piltdown Man" was an elaborate hoax; and that the cranium was much more modern than had been supposed, while the mandible was the jaw of a modern ape, broken and stained to simulate great age. On June 30 this year, the fruits of further researches were published and it was revealed that the whole of the Piltdown finds were "planted" on the site and in fact came from widely differing countries and ages. This exposure was due to the combined work of the Department of Anatomy, Oxford University, the Departments of Geology and Mineralogy, the Natural History Museum, the Department of the Government Chemist and the Geological Survey, while contributions to the work were made by the National Gallery and the Physics Department, King's College, London. It is not possible here to examine all the aspects of this fantastic forgery; but we illustrate some of the more curious of the exhibits,

and chipping tests revealed pale or white surfaces quite inconsistent with the natural staining of the Piltdown gravels. The famous "bone implement" must have been worked after it had become fossil and not before. A fossil beaver tooth was found embedded in gravel, and when the containing lump was washed it gave off a solution of the gum which had been used to give verisimilitude to the conglomeration of gravel which the hoaxer produced. And in many ways what we caption above the "Piltdown Zoo"—namely, all the animal remains which at different times were found in the Piltdown gravel—in its approximation to a collection of palæontologist's swaps—a few of everything and a lot of nothing—is perhaps the best example of the impudence of the hoax—surely the most elaborate and complicated practical joke ever played on the scientific world; and now, with ruthless honesty, revealed to the public by the scientific world itself.

FINALS DAY AT HENLEY—WITH THE RUSSIANS WINNING THREE TROPHIES.



THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' PLATE AT HENLEY, WHICH 1ST AND 3RD TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, WON FROM TRINITY HALL BY TWO LENGTHS IN 7 MINS. 33 SECS.



THE FINISH OF THE SILVER GOBLET: THE RUSSIAN PAIR, I. BULDAKOV AND V. IVANOV, BEATING THE DUTCH PAIR, S. L. BLOM AND R. GITZ, BY TWO LENGTHS IN 8 MINS. 44 SECS.



CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE RUSSIAN EIGHT, KRYLIA SOVETOV, AFTER THEIR VICTORY IN THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP, OVER LEANDER BY 2½ LENGTHS IN 7 MINS. 15 SECS.



THE RUSSIAN FOUR, KRYLIA SOVETOV, WINNING THE FINAL OF THE STEWARDS' CUP BY 1½ LENGTHS FROM THE ROYAL AIR FORCE R.C. IN 8 MINS. 26 SECS.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE FINISH OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH CUP, WITH WINCHESTER COLLEGE BEATING OUNDLE SCHOOL BY 1½ LENGTHS IN 7 MINS. 59 SECS.



THE CLOSE FINISH OF THE DIAMONDS, WITH THE YUGOSLAV, P. VLASIC, WINNING BY 6 FT. FROM THE SWISS, A. COLOMB, IN 8 MINS. 42 SECS., IN A CONTROVERSIAL RACE.

Finals Day at Henley—Saturday, July 3—was marred by unpleasant weather, in which strong winds and torrential rainstorms were included; and except for the Diamond Sculls, the races were not very exciting. Six of the trophies were won by foreign competitors; the Russians winning the Grand Challenge Cup, the Stewards' Cup and the Silver Goblets. America—the Massachusetts Institute of Technology R.C.—won the Thames Cup from the Royal Navy in 7 mins. 24 secs. by 2½ lengths; the Swiss pair (E. Schriever and P. Stebler) beat G. W. Beech and

K. W. Tinegate easily in 8 mins. 46 secs. in the Double Sculls; and the Yugoslav, P. Vlasic, won the Diamonds in a close final, in which his steering came in for considerable adverse criticism. The home winners were 1st and 3rd Trinity, Cambridge, who won both the Ladies' Plate and the Visitors' Cup (in which they beat Magdalen, Oxford, by two lengths in 7 mins. 57 secs.); Winchester College, who won the Princess Elizabeth Cup; and the Royal Engineers, who beat Marlow in the Wyfold Cup by 2½ lengths in 8 mins. 6 secs.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AS SEEN IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.



THE ECLIPSE AS SEEN BY THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL, SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES, FLYING OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC.



VIEWED BY SCIENTISTS IN SWEDEN, ONE OF THE MAJOR OBSERVATION AREAS: THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN BY THE MOON, SHOWING THE CORONA.



PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A 28-INCH CAMERA AT F5.6 AT 1-50TH: THE ECLIPSE AT MINNEAPOLIS, U.S.A.



THE VIEW THAT LONDONERS SAW THROUGH THE CLOUDS: THE PARTIAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, WITH A SILHOUETTE OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, IN THE FOREGROUND.



USING A FILTER TO WATCH THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN: THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL, SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES, WHO SAW THE PHENOMENON FROM AN R.A.F. *HASTINGS* AIRCRAFT OFF ICELAND.



FOURTEEN EXPOSURES OF THE ECLIPSE AS SEEN IN MINNEAPOLIS, U.S.A. THE ECLIPSE STARTS AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE.



AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW OF THE PARTIAL ECLIPSE, AS SEEN FROM AN AIRCRAFT 7000 FT. ABOVE SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX, WHEN THE SUN WAS NEARLY 75 PER CENT. OBSCURED.

ON June 30 a total eclipse of the sun in all its glory was seen from the air by the Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, who, with a small party of scientists, was flying in a R.A.F. *Hastings* aircraft off Iceland. In other parts of the world, between Nebraska, U.S.A., where the shadow cast by the eclipse first touched the earth, to a point near Jodhpur, Northern India, where the shadow left the earth, astronomers gathered to make observations. Far the greatest number of observations were made in various parts of Sweden, where the duration of totality was within 2 seconds of the maximum 2 mins. 35 secs. A partial eclipse was clearly visible from almost all parts of Britain, but at Unst, the most northerly of the Shetland Isles and the only point in Britain from which the total eclipse could have been seen, the view was spoiled by clouds at the critical moment. There will not be another total eclipse of the sun visible in Britain until August 11, 1999, and then only from a point near Land's End.

ON June 25 my friend, Mr. A. L. Rowse, opened at Tunbridge Wells a commemorative exhibition illustrative of the life of Sir Philip Sidney, who was born four hundred years ago at Penshurst, close to that town. A Sidney still lives in the great house, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, V.C.—had there existed an "Elizabeth Cross" in 1586, the year of Zutphen, it would assuredly have been awarded to Philip Sidney. The award need not even have been posthumous, for he lived long enough for the Earl of Leicester to have been authorised to make it. It is a hundred chances to one that modern science would have mended his hurt. If so, and provided that he survived future battles and the far more deadly diseases of the campaigns of those days, he might have passed through another two generations, perhaps with a limp. His younger brother, Robert, lived for forty years after Zutphen and saw Charles I. ascend the throne.

I do not think it is to be regretted that the doctors were unable to stave off gangrene. Philip Sidney is for ever young, a dazzling young figure typifying all that is most noble, attractive and cultivated in the first Elizabethan age. I suppose he is, indeed, in the public mind, the best-known figure, after the Queen herself. On his own age he made an astounding impression. His reputation had become European. The blend of soldier, poet, scholar, and courtier is, I believe, on his scale, unique in our history. Undoubtedly youth contributes to its fascination. Whether or not he still retained within himself a fund of poetry which his death denied to the world is a question which it would be waste of time to discuss. In some other respects, however, it seems possible that he would not have worn well. He was not, after all, a boy when he died in 1586, and in the last few years of his life had not shown any remarkable development from the "wonder of the world" which he had earlier become. It would be shocking to look back on him as concerned, at forty-six, in the Essex revolt. Robert may have been kept out of that only by a narrow margin, though, being home on leave from his post in the Low Countries, he actually apprehended the conspirators.

There was a flowering in the Sidney family. Sir William must have been a stout soldier, though we know little enough about him. Sir Henry, Philip's father, was a great man, whose long career in Ireland I have studied so closely that I feel I know him intimately. Sir Henry's sister, Frances, married his political opponent, the Earl of Sussex, and her love of learning is commemorated by the Cambridge College which she founded. Something of Philip's spirit shone in his sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and in his brother Robert. Mary was just touched by his poetic gift. Robert's grandson, Algernon Sidney, was the aristocratic revolutionary who got into bad company and died on the scaffold. Algernon's sister Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland, was the Sacharissa of the poet Edmund Waller, who wrote without undue modesty:

Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung
in vain;
All but the nymph that should redress
his wrong
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought
praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms
with bays.

If Waller ever wrote a better line than that last I do not know it.

Honourable though was the name he bore, Philip Sidney was even prouder of his Dudley descent. He was devoted to his uncle, Robert, Earl of Leicester, whose letters at the time of Philip's death are touching. Leicester, though so much is known about him, is to me one of the most illusive figures of his time. It is easy to write him off as an adventurer, but he possessed qualities of mind out of the ordinary as well as qualities of heart. Philip was his unquestioning supporter. When the Anglo-Irish magnate, the Earl of Ormonde, quarrelled with Sir Henry over Irish affairs, Philip took his father's cause on to his own shoulders and poured forth his anger against Ormonde, who had come over on a visit to the Court. Ormonde good-naturedly overlooked the impertinence because of his admiration for the young man's genius.

Philip Sidney has been famous since the day of his death, without a break. I feel, however, that the age of Queen Victoria, to which he was especially dear, has set up a sort of barrier between ourselves and his real self, and that only by throwing down this barrier can we know him as his contemporaries did. The Victorians were fond of dressing up their heroes in their own clothes, endowing them with their own ideals. In fact, the children of the Renaissance, though they possessed ideals, seldom had in their constitution the austerity which the majority of the Victorians always professed, even when they did not practise it in private. I believe they have distorted Sidney. One commentator on his sonnet sequence, *Astrophel and Stella*, maintains that the love-story is imaginary and, in denying that the author was the lover of Penelope Rich—which indeed the internal evidence of the poems discredits—directs us to put aside any interpretation which does not accord with his "delicacy and sense of honour."

This is a fantastic assumption. No one can assert that he lacked either, but they

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND HIS AGE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

differed from those of the reign of Queen Victoria. Sidney was, it may be admitted, tinged with the Puritan doctrine, but it is not unfair to suggest that this was, at least in part, due to the fact that it was the doctrine of his friends and his party, even of his amoral,



CARRIED AT THE FUNERAL OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: A HELMET WITH PORCUPINE CREST, WHICH IS PRESERVED IN THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CRYPT AT PENSURST PLACE, WHERE HE WAS BORN.

The helmet with a porcupine crest (the porcupine is the crest of the Sidney family) carried at the funeral of Sir Philip Sidney is preserved in the fourteenth-century crypt at Penshurst Place, where he was born, and may be seen by visitors to the house. A special exhibition at Tunbridge Wells arranged to mark the quatercentenary of Sir Philip Sidney's birth includes Lant's famous Funeral Roll. In the Roll can be seen the same helmet being carried in the solemn procession through the City of London from the Minories to St. Paul's Cathedral, where the burial took place. Thomas Lant wrote of the Roll: "This work was first drawn and invented by Tho. Lant, Gent., servant of the said Honorable Knight (Sir Philip Sidney) and graven in copper by Derick Theodor de Brii in the City of London 1587."



"A DAZZLING YOUNG FIGURE TYPIFYING ALL THAT IS MOST NOBLE, ATTRACTIVE AND CULTIVATED IN THE FIRST ELIZABETHAN AGE": SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586), BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

Captain Cyril Falls in the article on this page discusses Sir Philip Sidney, the quatercentenary of whose birth is being marked by a special exhibition at Tunbridge Wells, near Penshurst, the great house where he was born, which is still owned and inhabited by a Sidney—Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, V.C. Penshurst Place, by permission of Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, is open to the public on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Bank Holidays and on the first, third and fifth Sundays in the month from Easter to mid-October, from 2 to 5 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d., and children 1s. 6d. On the Sundays when the State Rooms and Gardens are open the charge is 5s.

gorgeous, and spendthrift uncle. These men, and women relished the pleasures and luxuries of their time as well as its art, literature, and learning. They dressed splendidly and sometimes wore their fortunes on their backs. Asceticism was not a feature of the group. Philip left his financial affairs in disorder. Robert was so much a politician that he kept an agent at Court, so that while he was in the Low Countries he should not lose touch with its politics or be left unaware how the wind of Royal favour blew. Whether or not he was physically Penelope's lover—and I think not—only blind eyes can fail to see the passion expressed in *Astrophel and Stella*, and expressed in far from Puritanical terms.

In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New-perfumed with flowers fresh growing,

Astrophel with Stella sweet
Did for mutual comfort meet,
Both within themselves oppressed
But each in the other blessed.

Philip was to have married Penelope Devereux before she became Penelope Rich. But, her father, Walter, Earl of Essex, dying impoverished in Ireland, where Philip's father, Sir Henry, had also lost money, her guardian looked for money in a husband for her and found plenty of it in the hands of Robert, Lord Rich. Her story has become famous among all who know anything of the first Elizabethan age. She protested against the marriage at the very ceremony and speedily became the mistress of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy. Philip married Frances Walsingham, also an arranged marriage, but with no objections on either side, if perhaps no burning enthusiasm. She was certainly a determined believer in wedlock. Having lost Philip Sidney, killed in battle, then Walter, Earl of Essex, beheaded for treason, she married an Irish nobleman, Richard de Burgh, Earl of Clanrickarde, whose family had been in rebellion, hunted and harried by Sir Henry Sidney less than thirty years earlier. So far as we know, the third time was lucky.

By comparison with Spenser, Sidney was an amateur poet. That is not to say he was anything short of a very good poet; but he was not a professional man of letters. For that profession he was too well born. Though his father never became a peer, we must remember that this was due to the Queen's strong objection to increasing the size of the peerage and thereby weakening its prestige. James I., who held no such theory, made Robert Sidney an earl. As a sonneteer, Philip Sidney was superb, and here at least he challenged the professionals, Shakespeare and Daniel, on their own ground and was not disgraced. His finest sonnets could scarcely be better. Yet he cannot compete on the general standard. That is perhaps the mark of the fine amateur poet, the great man's son who writes after he has taken off his tilting armour and before he goes to dance at the Court: he is uneven. And I must own I find the *Arcadia* stiff. I have read *Astrophel and Stella* several times with delight. If the necessary leisure comes I must go back to the *Arcadia* and try to recover the impression which it originally made.

As Mr. Rowse pointed out when he opened the Tunbridge Wells exhibition of the relics lent by Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Philip Sidney's place in literature has factors other than his poetic genius, though this is the chief. He was also a discerning patron of letters and as such played a further part in establishing the literary and cultural glories of his time. Patronage never performed a more splendid function than in the age of Elizabeth I. Finally, Philip Sidney was an excellent writer of prose. That, however, came easily to the first Elizabethans. They handled a rapidly developing language with striking originality, ease and vigour. I have lived a great deal of late amid their correspondence and come to admire it more and more, from the tortuous convolutions of the Queen herself down to the reports of Captains in the field. In passing, I may mention that in one long letter, Penelope Rich shows herself a faithful disciple of the Royal style. At the other end of the scale, men of little education, writing hastily and weak in grammar, make their points admirably and conjure up before us the scenes of their wars and battles. Philip Sidney's father and brother were exceptionally good letter-writers, but here they represent a large company.

Sidney, himself, represented the outstanding example of the survival of knight-errantry. The action of Zutphen itself was a fine piece of bravado almost childish by strict military standards. Yet those who study the wars of the period closely will find this spirit revealed again and again. A handful of "voluntary gentlemen," following a commander, would sometimes turn the fate of a combat, if not of a battle, by their bravery and dash—and, we must not forget, their good armour, which even with the growth of firearms rendered their risk lighter than that of common mortals. The Irish wars, in particular, developed paladins, among whom the Earl of Southampton was outstanding in the last years of the reign. In the march back to Dublin of the weary, discouraged, army of Essex, Southampton's exploits were those of a figure from Homer. Here lies one of the fascinations of an age which is full of them.

THE SWEDISH STATE VISIT: AT GUILDHALL, AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

ONE of the first acts performed by King Gustaf and Queen Louise of Sweden after their arrival on a State visit to this country on June 28, was to visit Westminster Abbey, where they laid on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior a wreath of roses which had been specially flown from the Swedish Royal summer palace. On June 29 his Majesty visited the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington and on June 30, before

[Continued below.]

(LEFT.) TOURING THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY, TEDDINGTON, DURING HIS STATE VISIT: KING GUSTAF OF SWEDEN (CENTRE) SEEN PASSING THROUGH THE NEW SURGE GENERATOR ROOM.



PLACING A WREATH OF ROSES WHICH HAD BEEN FLOWN FROM THE SWEDISH ROYAL SUMMER PALACE ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: KING GUSTAF WITH HIS WIFE, QUEEN LOUISE, BEHIND HIM.



AT LUDGATE CIRCUS ON THEIR WAY TO GUILDHALL TO RECEIVE AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM THE LORD MAYOR AND CORPORATION: THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

(ABOVE.) KING GUSTAF, WEARING THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE GARTER WHICH THE QUEEN HAD EARLIER CONFERRED UPON HIM, REPLYING TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM THE LORD MAYOR AT GUILDHALL.

Continued.] driving to Guildhall to receive an Address of Welcome from the Lord Mayor and Corporation, their Majesties attended a service at the Swedish Church in London. Replying to the Address, King Gustaf paid a particular tribute to "those great qualities of reliability and fairness which have justly made the City of London admired and respected."

(RIGHT.) RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM A SWEDISH GIRL IN NATIONAL DRESS: QUEEN LOUISE, DURING A VISIT TO THE SWEDISH CHURCH IN LONDON.





THE FIRST GALA PERFORMANCE FOR AN OVERSEAS SOVEREIGN SINCE 1914: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN IN THE ROYAL BOX AT COVENT GARDEN.

Probably the most brilliant occasion of the Swedish Royal State Visit was the gala performance on June 30 at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *Le Coq d'Or*. Our photograph shows the brilliant scene, just before the opera began, as the crowded and distinguished audience turned to welcome the arrival of the Queen and her guests. A Royal box had been created in the centre of the grand tier, decorated in blue and gold and adorned with swags of laurel and branches of oak. On one side of the Royal box (the right in our photograph) sat the Diplomatic Corps; and on the other, members of H.M. Government and others. Yeomen Warders stood guard in the auditorium, on the Grand Staircase,

and in the Royal box. There, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the King and Queen of Sweden were accompanied by Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, Lady Patricia Ramsay and Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsay and H.H. Princess Marie Louise; and members of the British and Swedish suites. As the Royal party entered the box, trumpeters of the Life Guards sounded a fanfare from the stage and the national anthems of Sweden and Great Britain were played. This is the moment our photograph shows—a few moments before the Astrologer appears, sings his mocking prologue, the curtains part, and the fantastic fairy-tale of King Dodon and the Queen of Shemakhan begins.

THE TARI PEOPLE OF NEW GUINEA: A REMOTE TRIBE WHOSE WAY OF LIFE MAY RESEMBLE THAT OF THE INHABITANTS OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN NEIGHBOURING AREA.

By Miss K. VELLACOTT-JONES, Public Relations Officer to the Territory of Papua and New Guinea.

(Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce, for the first time, some aerial photographs of cultivated mountain valleys in the New Guinea highlands, where it is estimated 100,000 primitive tribesmen are living in complete isolation away from the cares and worries of this twentieth-century atomic age. The discovery was made during an aerial survey carried out by the Regional Director of Civil Aviation in New Guinea, Mr. John Arthur. Most of the new-found people were behind the 12,000-ft. limestone ranges of the Muller and Karius mountains, north-west of Tari and beyond Strickland Gorge. It is reported from Canberra that pleas to leave these newly-discovered tribesmen undisturbed have been rejected by the Australian Government as "unreal sentimentality," and a patrol is being sent to the area on foot. In her article, Miss Vellacott-Jones describes the way of life of the Tari natives who occupy adjoining valleys, and who may, therefore, resemble the new-found tribes.)

EARLY last June an aerial survey of inaccessible mountain valleys in the hinterland of New Guinea located an estimated population of around 100,000 primitive natives who are still living in complete Stone Age isolation. Some of the valleys are in areas crossed by exploration patrols about twenty years ago, but it is certain that 90 per cent. of the people have never seen a white man. This survey opens the last chapter in the fascinating history of the discovery of the highlands area in the Australian-administered Territory of Papua and New Guinea, for the region covered by the aerial party is the last big block of country not yet under Administration influence.

As yet little is known about the newly-located tribes and detailed information will not be available until the Administration ground patrols move into the area later this year. Their numbers were gauged by the extent of their food garden lands on the valley floors, and along the lower slopes of the surrounding mountains. The pattern of these cultivated areas closely resembles that of the Tari natives, who occupy an adjoining valley and who themselves have been under Administration influence for only two years. If the new tribes are like the Taris, they will be a sturdily-built, highland type of slightly less than average height, cultivating very productive food gardens and waging intermittent war with hereditary tribal enemies.



BUYING ITS REQUIREMENTS OF LOCALLY GROWN FOODSTUFFS FROM TARI NATIVES: A DISTRICT SERVICES PATROL, WHO PAY FOR THE FOOD WITH TRADE GOODS, THE MOST POPULAR BEING "MOTHER-OF-PEARL SHELL, SMALLER SHELLS KNOWN AS GIRI GIRI, TOMAHAWKS, KNIVES, FACE AND BODY PAINTS FOR PERSONAL ADORNMENT, AND SALT."

From a colour photograph by Lloyd Yelland, Officer-in-Charge of Medical Services, Tari.

The Tari people somersaulted from the Stone Age into the twentieth century when the first Administration station was established in the valley in the middle of 1952. The Taris were curious and friendly, and readily volunteered to provide the labour for the construction of an airstrip. Until that was completed the only contact with the outside world—with established stations and headquarters—was by radio or a ten-day trek to the nearest out-station over some of the most rugged country in New Guinea. So the Tari administrative staff—three District Services officers (Australians) and fourteen native members of the Royal Papuan and New Guinea Constabulary—started building the airstrip with a labour force of Stone Age natives. Much of it was done with primitive digging-sticks, the soil being moved by means of small wicker baskets. Later a few

Giri Giri, tomahawks, knives, face and body paints for personal adornment, and salt. Until the patrol arrived at Tari these highly-prized goods only reached the valley after interminable exchanges along the ancient trading route to the coast, with the exchange value rising as they passed from tribe to tribe, first over the coastal swamps, then jungle forests and, finally, across the mountain ranges of the interior. And all the goods were essential in native life for the holding of their vitally-important tribal ceremonies, and accumulation of accepted forms of wealth.



ON JUNE 10 IT WAS ANNOUNCED FROM PORT MORESBY, PAPUA, THAT HITHERTO UNKNOWN TRIBES, WITH A POPULATION ESTIMATED AT 100,000 PEOPLE, AND LIVING IN CULTIVATED VALLEYS IN AUSTRALIAN SOUTH-EAST NEW GUINEA, HAD BEEN LOCATED BY AN AERIAL SURVEY PARTY. ABOVE WE SHOW A GROUP OF TARI NATIVES WHO OCCUPY A VALLEY ADJOINING THE NEWLY DISCOVERED AREA: AND IN HER ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE MISS VELLACOTT-JONES DISCUSSES THESE NATIVES WHO, BECAUSE THEY ARE NEIGHBOURS, MAY WELL RESEMBLE THE NEW-FOUND TRIBESMEN.

It was soon seen that the Taris were good agriculturalists by primitive standards, for they not only cultivated extensive food gardens of sweet potatoes and corn, and raised a good type of pig, but also practised soil conservation through the use of compost. Their other main activity was tribal fighting, and unlike many other New Guinea tribes, they frequently fought in open battle formation, with disciplined bow-and-arrow troops acting under the orders of their fight leaders. But much of their fighting was conducted in a sporting manner, and often when a few casualties had fallen and honour was satisfied, "time" was called and the next engagement postponed to a prearranged date. A scrupulous score was kept of all deaths, and the "payback" system of revenge kept the feuds alive long after the original cause of the quarrel was forgotten. During armistice periods "Moga" payments were made between the opponents as compensation for the casualties and damage, and delay in making these payments often precipitated new wars, backed by new tribal alliances. Sometimes when the clash was particularly bitter the sporting element disappeared completely, and then weaker groups would be completely wiped out and their tribal lands laid waste.

From the outset of the patrol's arrival at Tari the people were told that there would be little change in their tribal customs apart from a ban on tribal fighting. Quarrels must be settled by mediation, not violence. Offenders would be dealt with by a court, and justice administered by the "Government." Of course, conformity with this strange new rule did not come overnight, and while the airstrip was being built an outbreak of tribal war spread over 200 square miles of country, involving a population of 10,000. Warnings were issued and ignored by the stronger group, at which the Assistant District Officer at Tari entered in his official diary the laconic statement, "have decided to visit these peoples and end the fighting." The winning side eagerly accepted the

shovels were dropped by air. This unique aerodrome construction team was paid in trade goods, and no wages were ever more joyfully received, for the whole district was "trade hungry." The goods they sought were mother-of-pearl shell, smaller shells known as

challenge, and in a cleared area 1000 veteran fighting men formed up in column of route with bows and arrows at the ready, and advanced on the patrol. Facing them were three European civil administration officers, fourteen native police, and about thirty unarmed native carriers. As the warriors advanced to within 50 ft. of the patrol the leader of the Government party stepped forward and called a halt. Then, talking fast, with the interpreter "turning the talk" at an equally rapid pace, the patrol leader repeated the stricture on tribal fighting, and the Administration's intention to ensure peace in the valley. Their quarrel, he told them, could be settled in a court after those responsible for the current fighting had been arrested.

The encounter ended without an arrow or a shot being fired, the submission of the ringleaders to arrest, and a number of the warriors laying aside their arms to seek work at the airstrip. Thereafter began a great exchange of "Moga" payments right throughout the valley, and reoccupation of hamlets which had been previously abandoned after fighting.

Since then there has been only one small resurgence of tribal warfare, and on that occasion literally thousands of Tari men all painted and ready for battle rushed to volunteer their services to the Tari officers. Although greatly disappointed at the polite but firm intimation that no help was required, they returned home still mumbling their anger at those who had disobeyed the Government.

The Taris, for all their skill at fighting, are a friendly and engaging people, and have made it plain that they are glad to have the Administration in their area. In the past two years there has only been one case of theft of Government stores, and when the offender was tried in court an angry crowd gathered outside and shouted their contempt of the accused. "You come to the station and spoil our name by stealing," they yelled. "If you want something from the Government, you work for it. We don't want 'rubbish' men here." It was clear that the offender had no sympathy from the crowd.

New interests are absorbing the Taris' attention since their old trade of fighting ceased. Young men eagerly seek employment on airstrip maintenance, the erection of station buildings, timber felling and saw-milling, and all the other work incidental to the gradual development of the new district. They are still paid in trade goods, for as yet money has no value to them, and the old currency of shell, steel goods, paint and salt still represents wealth.

Others are benefiting by the sale of native foodstuffs to the station, selling the surplus of their extensive garden plots which is bought to supply some of the food requirements of native labour and outside native staff. Twice a week up to 500 Tari women come in to the station with food for sale, making it a social as well as business trip, and also receiving medical attention for themselves and their



WORN BY TARI NATIVES FOR INITIATION CEREMONIES: SPECIAL WIGS MADE OF HUMAN HAIR WOVEN INTO THE NATURAL GROWTH ON A MAN'S HEAD. HAIR FOR MAKING THE WIGS IS CAREFULLY SAVED OVER THE YEARS FOR ULTIMATE INCLUSION IN A WIG. SMALL BOYS HAVE THEIR HAIR CLOSELY CROPPED EXCEPT FOR A NARROW RIDGE ACROSS THE TOP OF THE HEAD.

From a colour photograph by Lloyd Yelland, Officer-in-Charge of Medical Services, Tari.

children at the medical centre operated by a European medical officer and his trained staff. Some of the young Tari lads are employed as trainee carpenters and trainee medical assistants, and all those frequenting the station either regularly or on intermittent visits are learning from watching the Tari staff.

Being keen agriculturalists, the Taris also eagerly accept the new types of seeds and planting material distributed free by the Administration. Already they are producing and selling tomatoes, English potatoes, cabbages, onions and other crops new to the area.

Two Christian missions have been established in the district, and at these centres there are schools for the children, and medical centres for all who will attend. Church services are held, but as yet the main teaching [Continued on page 58.]



THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY OF THE CENTRAL WESTERN SECTION OF THE TERRITORY OF PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA, WHERE HITHERTO UNKNOWN POPULATION GROUPS, ESTIMATED AT 100,000 PEOPLE, HAVE RECENTLY BEEN LOCATED. THE LIGHTER PATCHES (CENTRE, RIGHT) ARE CULTIVATED FOOD GARDENS.



WHERE A NEWLY-DISCOVERED POPULATION LIVES AWAY FROM THE CARES AND WORRIES OF CIVILISATION: A LAND-LOCKED VALLEY LEADING INTO THE STRICKLAND GORGE. EVIDENCE OF CULTIVATION CAN BE SEEN IN THE CLEARED AREAS OF THE VALLEY FLOOR; AND A FEW HOUSES WERE SEEN DURING SURVEY FLIGHTS.

A "GARDEN OF EDEN" WITH AN ESTIMATED POPULATION OF 100,000 NATIVES DISCOVERED IN NEW

Continued from page 37.

is by example and practical assistance to the people. There are three European women and four children at the two missions, and their presence in the district gives the natives confidence that the Administration has come to stay. In their logic real settlement begins only when men bring their wives and families into a new area. In the old days few Taris ventured beyond their own immediate tribal lands, or those of their current allies, for a stranger in an area was often treacherously attacked as "payback" for some old outstanding score. Hamlets were protected by deep "fighting" ditches, and other ditches dug as protection of gardens against wandering pigs; also to mark the boundaries of tribal lands. And for safety the ditches were used as walk-ways, since persons below ground-level presented less of a target to any chance enemy with a bow and arrow or stone

axe. But now the Taris, under Government encouragement, are building key roads through the valley, and it is recognised that, apart from the ban on violence, it would be an intensification of the offence to stage any attack on the "Government road." So the natives now walk with impunity along the road through former hostile areas, and with this new freedom are slowly learning that the groups whom by tradition—and experience—they regarded as enemies, are after all very much like themselves and may even have their good points. This new intermingling under Government protection is slowly welding the 30,000 or so people of the Tari Basin into a co-operative group rather than a collection of mutually hostile clans. Their tribal ceremonies, "sing-sings" and initiations into the varying stages of adult status and responsibilities, still continue. Only



SHOWING THE EXTENT OF CULTIVATION OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED AREA: A LARGE RECTANGULAR PATCH IN ONE OF THE LARGER VALLEYS. EVEN AT THIS ALTITUDE—THE VALLEY FLOORS ARE ABOUT 8500 FT.—COARSE CANE GRASS GROWS TO A HEIGHT OF 6 TO 10 FT.



SHOWING (TOP) THE SMALL LAKE KOPIAGO IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS; CULTIVATED PATCHES CAN BE SEEN IN THE CENTRE AND SHOW THE RECTANGULAR FORMATION OF THE NATIVES' GARDEN PLOTS. THE NATIVES APPEAR TO LIVE MOSTLY IN SCATTERED HAMLETS RATHER THAN IN VILLAGE GROUPS.

GUINEA: THE FIRST AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF CULTIVATED VALLEYS IN A HITHERTO UNKNOWN AREA.

those practices which violate the laws of humanity have been banned or modified to eliminate the undesirable features. The ever-present threat of fighting, and destruction of homes and gardens which shadowed the life of the hamlets before the coming of the Administration, has been banished, and a great new range of interests and activities engrosses the people. They are meeting not only Europeans, but trained and responsible natives from other parts of New Guinea who are on the station staff, and some who have been flown out for special hospital treatment bring back stories of still greater wonders in the world beyond. Later there will be more schools at Tari set up by the Administration Education Department, some of the more adventuresome and mentally alert Tari youths will go out for special training, then bring their knowledge back to their

own people. Eventually coffee or other economic crops will be introduced, and in a score of ways the Taris will move towards knowledge and progress. This has been the pattern of Administration in all New Guinea areas, and it will start anew when the overland patrols move into the as yet unexplored valleys beyond the Tari region. And what about the future of these still primitive savages? That can be seen in the progress already made by the more advanced natives of the Territory, three of whom already sit as members of the Legislative Council, and others who are graduates of the Central Medical School in Fiji, youngsters attending secondary schools in Australia and at Territory education centres—teachers, artisans, business-men in their own right, and hundreds of thousands living in peace and with steadily rising economic standards in their own villages.



THE "HUMAN STEAM-ROLLER": TRIBESMEN OF THE ALMOST INACCESSIBLE HIGHLANDS OF NEW GUINEA **HELPING AUSTRALIAN POLICE PATROLS TO PREPARE AN AIR-STRIP BY SAVAGELY STAMPING THEIR FEET.**

As related elsewhere in this issue, large groups of hitherto unknown tribes, estimated at 100,000 people, living in complete isolation in cultivated, inaccessible valleys in Australian south-east New Guinea, have recently been seen from the air during a survey of this unmapped area. Apart from police foot patrols, the aeroplane is the only method by which the inaccessible regions of the country can be mapped, and the Australian Airline Qantas has penetrated deep into the heart of this wild and savage part of the island. While recently in New Guinea, Bryan de Grineau was invited by Qantas to see some of the airline's pioneer work among the savage tribes in the remote interior, and above he depicts a scene at a prospective air-link in the highlands. Police patrols, having skillfully made a landing in a light aeroplane, have, in conjunction with the primitive tribesmen, settled on a suitable spot to establish a landing-strip. The enthusiastic natives are then marshalled by their tribal leader and begin to prepare the chosen spot. Marching up and down to the accompaniment of drums and native chants and war songs, the frenzied warriors stamp their feet hour after hour until the "human steam-roller" has rendered the ground level enough to allow a heavy aircraft to land.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IN an article on this page some time ago I told of a number of alpine and rock plants, which I had established on the wall-face of a great flight of stone steps in my garden.

These steps, which lead up to a loft above a cowshed—this part of my garden was originally a farm-yard—are built like the old mounting-steps which still survive here and there in stable-yards. But being about 10 ft. high, they have been nicknamed "the Elephant Steps." There are plenty of likely-looking crevices in the wall-face of these steps which should be fine for cliff-haunting rock-plants to grow in. But unfortunately, although the structure looks good and solid, its interior is filled with loose rubble and wide empty spaces, so that only in relatively few cases can one stuff enough soil into the crevices between the stones to support plant life. In many cases I found "earthing" the cracks a hopeless and endless task. No matter how much soil one pushed in and rammed home with a wooden widgee, it just fell down into the innards of the steps, which went on absorbing soil without end. However, I did manage to persuade a fair number of crevices to retain enough soil to be worth planting.

One of the most promising plants now established in the face of the steps is a fine, hearty specimen of *Lewisia tweedyi*. I had read somewhere that this species is an inveterate lime-hater, but I nevertheless risked a specimen in this home, composed of oolitic limestone and decaying mortar. For two years the plant has prospered greatly. Seldom have I seen such a healthy and contented-looking *tweedyi*. Yet oddly enough it has not produced a single blossom. Can this, I wonder, be its way of expressing abhorrence of its limey diet?

Since planting the Elephant Steps I have started gardening on another wall, which I find far easier to colonise with Alpines. Actually, there are two walls, which formed the back and the end of a long, open shed facing west along one side of what was a cattle-yard. Having no practical use for this building, picturesque though it was, I came to an arrangement with a neighbour-builder. He took the shed, and in exchange built me a lean-to cold greenhouse in another part of the yard.

I am convinced that he did very well out of the transaction, and I am convinced that he is convinced that I did equally well. Being good friends, we can thus rejoice at one another's good fortune.

The two walls—back and end—left after the removal of the shed vary from about 6 to 8 ft. high. They are built with mortar, and are solid, with no hollow centre. But the mortar is odd. It has never set hard, but has the stiff, close texture of marzipan. I can only imagine that it was mixed to remain soft in this way to rely on the overhead protection and overhang of the shed's stone-tiled roof. However, it has stood up to the weather without this protection for the two years since the roof went, and looks none the worse. And nothing could be easier or more delightful to plant in than this marzipan-mortar filling.

For a small seedling you just scoop out a hole with a penknife, then tickle the tiny plant in with a pellet of soil and press it home. For larger plants, pot-grown Alpines, etc., a larger hole is cut with an old dinner knife, and the plant pressed in with some sticky soil or a wad of moss. It is easy enough to avoid notorious lime-haters. Easy and, of course, necessary. All the plants that I have put in so far have taken hold well and are showing every sign of enjoying the

WALL GARDENING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

conditions. If later any should take a real dislike to the board and lodging provided—well, that will be their trouble, poor dears, and they will be at liberty to die. And may they do it quickly and thoroughly. The one thing I will not tolerate is a sick and invalid plant doing a long, lingering point-of-death exhibitionist act.

Among the first plants to go in were half a dozen young seedlings of *Saxifraga grisebachii* Wisley variety with intensely silvery rosettes no wider than sixpences. When they reach flowering size their curved

foliage as big as the biggest bath sponges, carrying airy sprays of snow-white blossoms on scarlet stems.

Given a congenial cliff-like home in the garden, *Saxifraga cochlearis* is capable of

immortal life—relatively immortal. Exactly forty years ago I planted a *S. cochlearis minor* in a miniature cliff which I constructed in a rock-garden which I was building. It was still flourishing when I visited the garden some twenty-five years later, and, for all I know, it is

still there. Another true cliff-dweller which has gone into my wall is *Phyteuma comosum*, and this, like *Saxifraga cochlearis*, is capable of living to an immense age and forming a truly impressive specimen. The finest *P. comosum* I ever saw was growing in a fortunately impregnable crevice high up on a roadside cliff above Lake Garda, in Italy. It must have been nearly 2 ft. across—a low dome, closely packed with its curious heads of bottle-shaped amethyst flowers. The specimen in my wall has produced a small crop of dark green, holly-shaped leaves and shows every sign of prospering.

The brightest, gayest thing on the wall just now is a 6-in. patch of brilliant carmine. Last autumn I planted a young *Saponaria ocymoides compacta rubra* in the soft mortar and loose stones on the top of the wall, and now in June-July, it shines out brilliantly. What an excellent plant this is! *Saponaria ocymoides* itself is a useful thing, especially when there is ground to be covered quickly. A single specimen on the rock-garden will trail over a space of 2 or 3 ft. in a season and make a fine show of lighter or darker pink-to-crimson. Grown from seed, the plant varies greatly in colour. But *Saponaria ocymoides compacta rubra* is a comparative newcomer, and a most welcome one. It appears to come quite true from seed, both in colour and size. It never seems to cover more than 6 to 9 ins., which is at once reasonable and convenient. If you want more you merely plant more, 6 to 9 ins. apart. But what a cumbersome, lumbering name for such a gay, snappy little plant!

Also on top of the wall and close to the *Saponaria* is a fine plant of the brilliant Spanish mountain toad-flax, *Linaria faucicola*. This is like a larger edition of the lovely and better-known *Linaria alpina*. The same prostrate, mat-forming habit, the same narrow, blue-grey-green leaves and the same heads of flowers like tiny spurred snapdragons. In *Linaria alpina* the flowers are normally a light violet in colour, with golden, eggy lips. In *L. faucicola* the flowers are larger than in *L. alpina*, and their colour varies from lavender-blue and pale pink to tones of darker violet. Like *Linaria alpina*, it is not a long-lived plant, but given the poor, gravelly or scree conditions that it likes, *L. faucicola* seeds about and forms permanent colonies which are delightfully colourful in early summer. It is one of the plants which I collected and brought home from the Cantabrian Alps in northern Spain. In a backwater of loose, limey gravel path, between a projecting bed and the wall of my house, this toad flax has established itself, and comes up year after year, a lovely sight in June-July, as good as gold, no trouble at all, and a good

companion for a few mats of self-sown, volunteer, not too sophisticated, single pinks. Peering down from its wall-top position, *Linaria faucicola* looks, if anything, more attractive than it does in the gravel path. Up there it seems to have assumed a slightly high-horse yet larky air, whilst as a colour companion the *Saponaria* near by—carmine against violet—is magnificent. The association of these two must be extended before next summer.



"ANOTHER TRUE CLIFF-DWELLER WHICH HAS GONE INTO MY WALL IS *PHYTEUMA COMOSUM*": A YOUNG PLANT SHOWING THE HOLLY-SHAPED LEAVES AND THE CURIOUS HEAD OF "BOTTLE-SHAPED AMETHYST FLOWERS."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.



"LIKE A LARGER EDITION OF THE LOVELY AND BETTER-KNOWN *LINARIA ALPINA*": THE SPANISH MOUNTAIN TOAD-FLAX *LINARIA FAUCICOLA*, GROWING AMONG THE STONES IN THE TOP OF A WALL.

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

flower-spikes, like short, stout crosiers in bright crimson velvet, arching out from their perpendicular wall, should be very striking. Other saxifrages which have gone in are *S. cochlearis minor*, *S. tombeanensis* and the rosy-pink hybrid, *S. "Cranbourne."*

Saxifraga cochlearis should do particularly well in this position, for in its native limestone cliffs in the Maritime Alps I have seen vast, veteran specimens of the species—domes of hard, congested, silvery-blue

TOUCHING PLAYTHINGS FROM CHILDREN'S TOMBS OF 2300 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 1. A STATUETTE OF HERA (LEFT) AND TWO POTTERY DOLLS WITH MOVABLE LIMBS FROM THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED CHILDREN'S TOMBS AT PÆSTUM.



FIGS. 2. AND 3. BURIED WITH LUCANIAN CHILDREN SOME 2300 YEARS AGO TO COMFORT AND AMUSE THEM IN THE UNDERWORLD: TWO DOLLS WITH DETACHABLE LIMBS, AND A STATUETTE OF HERA, MOTHER OF THE GODS.



FIG. 4. TWO SEATED DOLLS OF TERRA-COTTA PAINTED WHITE, WITH FIXED ARMS AND LEGS, FOUND IN THE PÆSTUM CHILDREN'S TOMBS THIS SPRING.



FIG. 5. A COCK, A PIG AND A CURIOUSLY CORGI-LIKE DOG—ALL MINIATURES IN WHITE-PAINTED TERRA-COTTA, AND DESIGNED AS COMPANIONS FOR THE DEAD CHILDREN OF PÆSTUM.



FIG. 6 (CENTRE AND RIGHT.) TWO HERA STATUETTES—AS MOTHER OF THE GODS AND IDENTIFIED WITH PERSEPHONE, SHE WAS A FIT PROTECTRESS OF CHILDREN IN THE UNDERWORLD; AND (LEFT) A HOLLOW BALL OF TERRA-COTTA, WITH A LOOSE PEBBLE INSIDE TO SERVE AS A BABY'S RATTLE.

IN a recent issue of *The Times*, DR. P. CLAUDIO SESTIERI, Superintendent of Antiquities for the Provinces of Salerno and Potenza, described how a bulldozer fell through into a tomb on the Tempa del Prete (Hill of the Priest), just south of Pæstum. The burial-ground thus revealed was partly excavated and discovered to have been a Greek cemetery of the fifth century B.C. which had been re-used by the Lucanians during the fourth century B.C. Some of the graves contained coffins; some were open graves, but all were stone-lined. A number of the tombs were of children, and of these DR. SESTIERI wrote: "They are smaller than the others, but of the same types and have undergone the same process of being gutted and re-used. Besides the vases which are in all the tombs, objects have been introduced which must have made the child happy in his lifetime and were placed there so as to be near him during another life. One tomb is of a boy who must already have been quite old and have enjoyed playing warlike games; a fine bronze breast-plate has been found there . . . the same as those worn by Lucanian warriors, only smaller. But he was also still a child, and played with little terra-cotta figurines of animals (Fig. 5). Another tomb was that of a little girl. She, too, had grown-up pretensions, for a tiny bronze mirror . . . was buried with her. But she again had not yet abandoned her childish games, and in her tomb have

been left terra-cotta dolls with detachable arms and legs (Figs. 1—3). They are like the figurines (Fig. 4) but the joints have been made separately and holes pierced in them, through which a metal wire enables them to be attached to the body while remaining movable. Thus the doll can sit or stand, and as it is without clothes its little mistress could amuse herself by making them, as girls do to-day. In other children's tombs are various figurines, including some grotesque ones and others representing the goddess Hera (Figs. 1, 3, 6), probably regarded as protector of the dead because, as goddess of fecundity and fertility, she lived in the underworld and was identified with Persephone. Sometimes in the tombs of what were evidently the smallest babies, hollow terra-cotta balls (Fig. 6) have been found with pebbles inside which make a noise when shaken, like the modern rattle. All these discoveries recall vividly the daily life of the Lucanian children in Pæstum. It is also interesting that terra-cotta figurines have been left only in the tombs of children; those of adults contain . . . no figurine ware."

"CALEDONIA! STERN AND WILD": THE NEWLY INSTITUTED CAIRNGORMS NATURE RESERVE.



A LOVELY AND EASILY ACCESSIBLE SPOT IN THE CAIRNGORMS NATURE RESERVE, WHICH WAS FORMALLY INSTITUTED ON JULY 9: LOCH AN EILEIN, ONCE COMPLETELY ENCIRCLED BY FORESTS OF PINE, SHOWING THE RUINED CASTLE.



GLEN LUBEG, THROUGH WHICH A DIRECT APPROACH TO BEN MACDHUI THE TUMBLING BURN, CROSSED BY A



CAN BE MADE BY AN IMPRESSIVE RIDGE OF SRON RIACH: A VIEW SHOWING FOOTBRIDGE, WITH TWO PINE TREES.



A WILD AND IMPRESSIVE PROSPECT: AN GARRH COIRE, A VIEW OF THE VAST AMPHITHEATRE LOOKING TOWARDS SGOR AN LOCHAIN UAINNE, WHICH IS ALSO KNOWN AS ANGEL'S PEAK.



CLOTHED IN ITS WINTER MANTLE OF SNOW: THE LAIRIG GHRU, THE WILDEST OF ALL BRITISH PASSES, WHOSE HIGHEST POINT REACHES AN ALTITUDE OF 2753 FT., SHOWING THE WESTERN APPROACH FROM ROTHENMURCHUS.

The Cairngorms Nature Reserve, much the largest Nature Reserve in Great Britain, came into being yesterday, July 9, and the occasion is being marked in Edinburgh by an official lunch to the proprietors of the land. The area is 62 square miles, or 39,940 acres in extent, and includes three of Scotland's highest summits, Ben MacDhui, Braeriach and Cairn Toul, but omits Cairngorm, the peak which gives the reserve its name. The territory forming the Reserve lies in Inverness-shire and Aberdeenshire, and includes some of the wildest scenery in Scotland, recalling Sir Walter Scott's

invocation to his native land, "O! Caledonia! stern and wild, Meet nurse for a poetic child!" Only about one-eighth of the area, covering the higher lands of Invernesshire, has been bought by the Nature Conservancy, the remainder having been brought in under a series of Nature Reserve Agreements with the proprietors. This great Reserve is intended to preserve as nearly as possible unchanged the grand stretch of country which it covers, and its interesting wild life, including Golden Eagles, Ptarmigan, Dotterel, Snowbuntings, Blackcock, Greenshank, and other Highland



VIEWED FROM COIRE BHROCHAIN OF BRAERIACH: CAIRN TOUL AND SGOR AN LOCHAIN UAINNE, OR ANGEL'S PEAK, SITUATED HIGH UPON THE LEFT OF THE AMPHITHEATRE OF AN GARRH COIRE.

birds, Red and Roe deer, wild cats and other mammals; and its many plants and insects for the enjoyment of present and future generations, and for scientific study. Two Conservancy wardens are already at their posts, and will be able to inform and assist visitors, acting in collaboration with the estate staff. Those accustomed to visit the Reserve will find no change, except that those wishing to undertake research must comply with certain formalities, and that no specimens of plants or animals will be allowed to be taken without special permits. Those interested in mountain

scenery will recall Mr. W. A. Poucher's "A Camera in the Cairngorms," in which he summed up the fascination of the area as follows: "As the mountaineer wanders through and over them (the Cairngorms) he will be captivated by their remoteness and solitude, whilst the immensity of their scale will impress him with a wonder more profound than that experienced elsewhere in our island heritage." Mr. Poucher, by the way, has just published "The North-Western Highlands," which deals with the area north-west of the Great Glen. [Photographs by Robert M. Adam.]



AN exhibition in aid of the Church of England Children's Society, that excellent organisation, which, moving with the times, wisely discarded its Victorian title of the Waifs and Strays Society, opens on July 8 at Ormeley Lodge, Ham Common, Surrey, within a few hundred yards of Ham House. Lenders, among whom is numbered H.M. the Queen Mother, have been generous, and it is clear from the pile of photographs before me that the Organising Committee has set itself an extremely high standard. A few of the exhibits will be familiar to many visitors, either



FIG. 1. "PURE, BRITTLE FAIRYLAND": AN ESSAY IN FAR EASTERN ROCOCO FANTASY BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER—CHelsea, OF ABOUT 1753. AN EXHIBIT IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT ORMELEY LODGE, HAM COMMON, ORGANISED IN AID OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHILDREN'S SOCIETY.

from previous exhibitions or by repute, but the majority have been deliberately chosen because they are not only of high quality but are rarely on view to the general public. The show is limited to some hundred and thirty examples of painting, ceramics, furniture, etc., which is about as much as can be appreciated in anything like comfort at a single visit. Many will welcome the opportunity of seeing so famous a horological masterpiece as the silver-mounted bracket clock by Thomas Tompion made for King William III. (Fig. 2)—a year-duration clock which strikes the hours and with a repeating mechanism for the quarters. When the King died it was left to the then Lord Chamberlain of the Household, the Earl of Leicester, and has descended from him to the present owner, Lord Mostyn. Here I think I should apologise for mentioning an owner by name, for though the catalogue (not yet to hand) is to give a list of owners, it has, I am informed, been decided by general consent not to place their names against their loans; but in this case the clock is so famous and has so long been known as the Mostyn clock that it would be absurd in this instance to refer to it in any other way. Amid a wealth of consummate and elaborate craftsmanship, ranging from a pair of magnificently chased William III. pilgrim bottles, to a pair of George II. carved mahogany wine-coolers with inset coats-of-arms in silver, I venture to purr pleasantly over the few items for which there is room here—not that they are in any way superior to the rest, but because they happen to be in key with my present mood. I have as great an admiration as any man for Sir Joshua, but there are moments—and this happens to be one—when plain Joshua Reynolds, young Josh, fairly fresh from Plymouth and reinvigorated by his stay in Rome in 1752-54, delights me more. Here in Fig. 3 is the P.R.A.-to-be, not yet at his full stature, not yet with the fashionable world at his feet, and not yet, be it said, a trifle wearied by success; here he is with a brush lightly flecked with Italian sunbeams, translating the ancient story of the Spartan boy and the fox into the decorous but elegant language of the eighteenth

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A RICHMOND EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

century. No doubt he had in mind a larger version, of which this sketch would be merely an *aide-memoire*. If he ever carried it out, the final version has been lost, and for my part I'm glad, for here we have his first thoughts in all their freshness; a more finished, more imposing work, would surely appear laboured by comparison. If a mid-eighteenth-century painter had his own notion of a Greek story, already more than 2000 years old, so a mid-eighteenth-century potter can be allowed his own ideas about his Chinese contemporaries. Not everyone is enamoured of these European versions of what passed current then as the Chinese way of life, possibly because during the last two generations we have achieved a considerable knowledge of the Far East to a degree which was impossible to our ancestors. Once, however, we can forget what we know and imagine ourselves in the shoes of the young Reynolds and his fellows—for Fig. 1 was made within a year or two of the painting of the Spartan boy—we can perhaps begin to understand how China must have seemed an unlikely, but charming fairyland. Here is a Chelsea group of great rarity and even greater elegance, using, not the speech of native artisans, but the flowery imagery of François Boucher, for it is from one of his essays in Far Eastern rococo fantasy that this group has its origin. The detail is as un-Chinese as anyone can imagine—or, for that matter, as un-French or as un-English—but there is no denying its lively, not to say tender, grace; it is, as such things should be, pure, brittle fairyland. Chelsea, red anchor mark—that is, about 1753-58.

A cabinet, shown on the facing page—and to my taste uncomfortably top-heavy, but then I am prejudiced against William Kent and all his works—is none the less a masterpiece of its kind; workmanship in every detail leaves nothing to be desired and once you can accept the convention of the style, that furniture should imitate architecture or be highly ornamented, there is nothing more to be said on that count. But two interesting suggestions about this cabinet seem to call for comment. One is that "the doors were originally fitted with mirrors and were changed to plain glass when it became fashionable to collect porcelain." I should have thought that the porcelain-collecting fashion became the rage well before the 1740's, when this piece was presumably

made. The second is that it may have come from the workshop of that mysterious and wealthy cabinet-maker William Hallett, who, without realising it, conferred a considerable benefit upon all of us by picking upon Gainsborough to paint his grandson, William Hallett III.—the delicate-looking, foppish young man who, with the pretty girl on his arm, has achieved immortality in "The Morning Walk."



FIG. 3. THE WORK OF "PLAIN JOSHUA REYNOLDS, YOUNG JOSH, FAIRLY FRESH FROM PLYMOUTH AND REINVIGORATED BY HIS STAY IN ROME IN 1752-54": "THE SPARTAN BOY," WHICH WAS PROBABLY INTENDED AS A SKETCH FOR A MUCH LARGER PAINTING, WHICH, IF EVER CARRIED OUT, HAS BEEN LOST.



FIG. 2. "A HOROLOGICAL MASTERPIECE": THE SILVER-MOUNTED BRACKET CLOCK MADE BY THOMAS TOMPION FOR KING WILLIAM III., AND NOW FAMOUS AS THE "MOSTYN CLOCK." Photograph by courtesy of Mr. R. W. Symonds.

I don't know what the evidence may be connecting the cabinet with Hallett beyond its quality and the fact that he certainly made furniture, but there the man is, a tremendous swell in his time, and there seems to be nothing which can be ascribed to him, with confidence except, perhaps (thanks to a reference to him in a letter of Horace Walpole's in which he is credited with furniture *à la Chinoise*), a pair of candle stands at Longford Castle. The truth is presumably that men like Hallett were men of business and were far more interested in money than fame. His contemporaries appear to have taken no notice of him beyond referring to him as "the eminent cabinet-maker," but to have been greatly impressed by his acquisition of Cannons, the property in Middlesex of the Duke of Chandos. The ducal mansion had been pulled down and Hallett built himself a villa on the old foundations. The adjective "eminent," by the way, was invariably applied to cabinet-makers in the newspapers, as it was to other worthy and successful citizens—it was no more than a polite formula. But perhaps some day, William Hallett's name may be found on his original bills in some as yet undiscovered household accounts, as Chippendale's at Nostell Priory, and William Vile's at Buckingham Palace, and then it may well be possible to identify some pieces which quite certainly were made in his workshop; so that he will come to life for what he actually did in the world and not merely as a figure in a family group by Francis Hayman or as the shadowy grandfather of a Gainsborough subject. The mention of Hayman reminds me that the exhibition includes a characteristic group by this very English master whom none will accuse of greatness but who somehow manages to express the essence of mid-eighteenth-century middle-class comfort; nor does he flatter his women, as he gives them all wide-open staring eyes. This carefully posed family group provides an interesting foil to a John Zoffany of George III. and John Simeon playing cards. A little self-conscious, perhaps, for H.M. is showing us his hand and invites us to share in his good luck. As this is largely a furniture exhibition, many visitors will be interested in the table at which the King is sitting, in the pattern of the chair-coverings and other furnishing details.

RARELY SHOWN "MASTERPIECES OF BRITISH ART AND CRAFTSMANSHIP."



A MANTEL CLOCK BY VULLIAMY, LONDON, ONE OF THE MOST EMINENT MAKERS OF THE LATE 18TH CENTURY. SATINWOOD, INLAID WITH ROSEWOOD, PAINTED *EN GRISAILLE*. C. 1790.



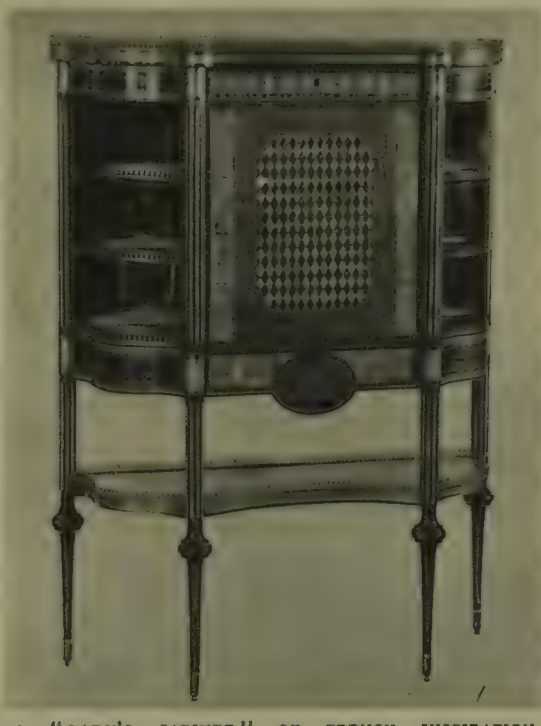
A MID-18TH-CENTURY MAHOGANY SECRETAIRE, PROBABLY MADE ABOUT 1760 BY W. VILE, CABINET-MAKER TO GEORGE III.



AN EXTREMELY RARE ELIZABETHAN GOBLET, DATED 1578, MADE OF SODA GLASS BY GIACOMO VERZELINI AND ENGRAVED IN DIAMOND POINT BY ANTHONY DE LYSLE.



A GEORGE II. PERIOD MAHOGANY CABINET, PERHAPS MADE IN THE 1740'S BY WILLIAM HALLETT. DISCUSSED IN DETAIL BY MR. DAVIS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.



A "LADY'S CABINET," OF FRENCH INSPIRATION, CONSTRUCTED AND INLAID IN VARIOUS WOODS. THE DESIGN IS IN SHERATON'S BOOK, "THE CABINET-MAKER'S AND UPHOLSTERER'S DRAWING BOOK," 1791-94.



EXTREMELY RARE AND PROBABLY UNIQUE: A SMALL, ELABORATELY DECORATED WALNUT BUREAU, WITH MIRROR DOOR. C. 1725.



A MID-EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MAHOGANY COMMODE OF SERPENTINE FORM, WITH CARVED DETAIL OF UNUSUAL DESIGN AND OUTSTANDING QUALITY. DATING FROM ABOUT 1765.



A GEORGE II. MAHOGANY WINE-COOLER WITH HANDLES, LINING AND COAT-OF-ARMS IN CHASED SILVER. THE ARMS AND DUCAL CORONET INDICATE ORIGINAL OWNERSHIP BY THE SECOND DUKE OF PORTLAND.

ALL the singularly beautiful items on this page are exhibits from a loan exhibition, entitled "Masterpieces of British Art and Craftsmanship," which was arranged to be opened on July 8 at Ormeley Lodge, Ham Common, Surrey. It has been organised by Mr. Ronald A. Lee and the proceeds are going to the Church of England Children's Aid Society. In "A Page for Collectors," opposite, Mr. Frank Davis speaks of the exhibition in general and discusses some of the items in detail, particularly the William Kent-style mahogany cabinet shown in the left middle picture on this page. Those who have lent exhibits, including H.M. the Queen Mother, form a very

distinguished list; but the source of each object is purposely not shown in the catalogue. The exhibition was expected to remain open for about two weeks; and the majority of the pieces on show are not only of high quality but have been very rarely shown to the general public.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IN 1843, in a book entitled "Narrative of a Voyage to the South and West Coasts of Africa: Containing the Information Whence Originated the Present Trade in Guano," B. Morrell gives one of the earliest descriptions of a mass mortality of marine animals. He states that at Elizabeth Bay, Possession Island, South-west Africa, on September 20, 1828, "On the surface of the island I saw the effects of a pestilence or plague which had visited the amphibious inhabitants of the ocean with as much malignancy as Asiatic cholera has on bipeds on land. The whole island was literally covered with the carcasses of fur seal (*Arctocephalus pusillens*) with skins still on them. I should say there were about half a million of them, and they had been dead for five years." The causes of this mass mortality of seals can only be conjectured, but during the ensuing century there have been many occasions when the shores in the region of Walvis Bay, South-west Africa, have been covered with masses of dead fish, or similar quantities of dead fish have been seen floating on the surface of the sea. It now seems certain that, to a greater or lesser degree, according to the year, these mass-deaths are an annual event, occurring between December and January.

The mass-deaths have been the subject of much speculation. A popular theory among those living in that region is that there are underground rivers with their outlets situated in the sea-bed, and that these are the cause. Shortly after the rains have fallen in the hinterland the mass mortality of fish may be expected. It should be noted that nearly always these rains are associated with northerly winds. In recent years it has been noticed that, at these times, the sea swarms with a small dinoflagellate, a microscopic plant. Under normal conditions, the dinoflagellates are present in oceanic waters in small quantities. During a "bloom," as it is called, they increase vastly in number, as much as sixty million in a litre of sea-water having been recorded, and colour the sea red. The Red Sea derives its name from the occurrence of a similar plant, and other plagues of such nature have been recorded from various parts of the world under various names, all suggesting that their appearance is accompanied by the wholesale death of fish and other animals in the area. McNeill and Livingstone, writing in the *Australian Museum Magazine* in 1926, tell how since 1856, rivers of blood, red slime or red tides have occurred in smaller or larger quantities in Sydney Harbour, killing off fish, oysters, mussels and other marine populations. These also proved to be due to plagues of microscopic plants or plant-like organisms. Here local opinion was divided as to the cause: large quantities of earthy matter in the sea, waste products, pollution from the paper mills or sugar works, or from blood or offal from the abattoirs have been, at various times, suggested. In Galveston Bay, on the southern coast of the U.S.A., there have been similar phenomena. Fish, shrimps, crabs and oysters have been killed off by the "boils," areas of turbulent water up to 30-feet diameter, red and black in colour, and boiling furiously with escaping gas.

In the Investigational Report No. 14 (1953) of the Division of Fisheries, Department of Commerce and Industry, Union of South Africa, W. J. Copenhagen has reviewed the subject and added an analysis of the evidence brought to light in recent years. One of the most striking passages in this report deals with the sudden appearance and disappearance of mud islands, first recorded inside Walvis Bay in 1901. "On the 1st June, 1900, a mud island suddenly appeared from the depths of the bay at this point. The island was approximately 150 feet long and 30 feet wide, and a height of about 15 feet above the surface of the sea. A very strong odour of sulphuretted hydrogen

"MASS-DEATHS" AT SEA.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

prevailed and this smell was noticed at Swakopmund, some 25 miles distant. Steam appeared to issue from the northern side of the island. The water around the island was very dirty, and the surface was covered with bubbles. Some dead fish had been washed up. . . . On the 7th of June, the entire island disappeared and soundings of the sea bottom indicated that the original depth of eight fathoms was restored . . . a submarine cable was neatly fractured a few weeks earlier. . . . On 6th March, 1951, three small islands . . . rose from a bubbling sea (the first) remained about an hour and then subsided beneath the waves. . . . On another

occasion, while a large ocean tanker was berthing and the bottom mud near to the wharf was stirred up, hundreds of soles suddenly came to the surface. A smell of sulphuretted hydrogen gas was noticeable. Many people collected baskets of soles, which were eaten without any ill-effects."

Before pursuing the Walvis Bay events, it should be noted that elsewhere in the world similar things happen. Along the west coast of South America the Humboldt Current runs northwards for 1800 miles and a reversal of this current brings warm equatorial water southwards along the coast of Peru. This counter-current, known to local fishermen as El Nino, is most noticeable after Christmas, varies in severity from year to year and is associated with northerly winds and heavy rains during January to March. Fish and other

marine organisms are killed off by the sudden rise in temperature, birds dying off from lack of food, which Copenhagen suggests may be compared with Morrell's dead seals on Possession Island. In the Black Sea, separated from the Mediterranean by a shallow sill, there is an accumulation of sulphuretted hydrogen: "... organic matter dropping on the sea-bed from the productive surface layers absorbs the dissolved oxygen in the bottom water and anaerobic conditions are established." It has been stated that a toxic layer of water, about 1800 metres thick, extends upwards from the bottom, the lower limit of animal life being 190 metres from the surface. In some of the badly ventilated Norwegian fjords, separated from the open sea by a sill, the bottom waters stagnate as the result of being depleted of oxygen, and conditions obtain that are remarkably like those in the open sea off Walvis Bay.

Copenhagen concludes that several factors are at work off South-west Africa. There, 6000 square miles of sea-bottom, the so-called Azoic Zone, is characterised

by a sulphide diatomaceous ooze. The Benguela Current, an upwelling of Antarctic water, low in temperature and rich in nutrient salts, flows from about Cape Point northwards for 1200 miles. In the warm sunshine the microscopic plant life multiplies rapidly to feed vast quantities of surface fish, chiefly pilchard and maasbanker. "With the sudden onset of winds from north to west, the normal directional flow of the Benguela current is retarded or even reversed, and considerable masses of sub-tropical Atlantic Ocean highly saline waters invade the coastal region." Temperature and salinity rise, destroying the plankton and the fish, but at the same time the waters are re-populated with oceanic types of plankton and fish. So as the Benguela flows and reverses, the Azoic Zone is supplied periodically with masses of dead organisms sinking to the bottom and accumulating in an area where the bottom currents are feeble and conditions altogether favourable for the establishment of a stagnant marine deposit. Dissolved oxygen becomes depleted, sulphate-reducing micro-organisms flourish and the poisonous sulphuretted hydrogen is produced. Under certain meteorological conditions the bottom

water is forced up to the surface, with disastrous result to the surface fish.

In the Walvis Bay region, therefore, there is the area of sea-bottom lacking in oxygen, the so-called Azoic Zone, the production of sulphuretted hydrogen and the occurrence, periodically, of plagues of dinoflagellates, any one of which alone or in combination is sufficient to produce a mass mortality of marine life. These all appear to arise from the behaviour of the Benguela Current, and the mass-deaths appear to be correlated with the heavy rains and the northerly winds. But, as Copenhagen finally sums up: "The complexity of the problem of the mass mortality of fish in the Walvis region should not be underrated."



SHOWING THE MASSES OF DEAD FISHES BEING CLEARED AWAY—A MASS MORTALITY ASSOCIATED WITH THE BENGUELA CURRENT: THE BEACH AT WALVIS BAY, IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

Mass mortalities of fishes and other marine organisms occur more or less periodically at certain places throughout the world but are especially associated with the Benguela Current, off South-west Africa, and the Humboldt Current, off the western coast of South America.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of W. J. Copenhagen, O.B.E.



MASSSES OF DEAD SQUID (*DOSIDICUS GIGAS*) IN TALCAHUANO HARBOUR, NEAR CONCEPCION, CHILE: AN EXAMPLE OF THE MASS MORTALITY OF MARINE ORGANISMS ON THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA DUE TO THE HUMBOLDT CURRENT.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Concepcion University, Institute of General Biology.

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SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



RESIGNED FROM THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT: MR. D. ABBOTT. Mr. Douglas Abbott, Minister of Finance in the Canadian Government, announced his resignation on July 1 in order to be able to take up an appointment as a Junior Justice in the Supreme Court of Canada. He has been succeeded by Mr. Walter Harris, Immigration Minister since January 1950.



RESIGNED FROM THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT: MR. B. CLAXTON. Mr. Brooke Claxton, Minister of Defence in the Canadian Government, resigned his post on July 1 and has been succeeded by Mr. Ralph Campney, Associate Defence Minister since February 1953. Mr. Claxton is to become a vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York.



BRITISH LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPION: MISS F. STEPHENS.

By beating Miss E. Price, of Hankley Common, at the 33rd hole at Ganton on July 1, Miss Frances Stephens, of Royal Birkdale, became the British Ladies' Open Golf champion for the second time, having won the title in 1949. During this year's championship she beat the Canadian holder of the title, Miss M. Stewart.



SHOT DEAD IN CASABLANCA: DR. EMILE EYRAUD.

During a recrudescence of terrorism in Morocco on June 30, Dr. Emile Eyraud, managing director of one of the principal French newspapers in Morocco, *La Vie Marocaine*, was mortally wounded by two terrorists in the centre of Casablanca. Dr. Eyraud, who was sixty-four, died later in hospital.



NEW VIET NAM PRIME MINISTER: MR. NGO DINH DIEM

On June 16, after having accepted the resignation of Prince Buu Loc, the Emperor Bao Dai of Viet Nam called upon the Nationalist Catholic leader, Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem, to form a Government. On June 25 the new Premier arrived in Saigon from Paris and spoke of the gravity of the situation in his country.



READING A SPEECH ON HIS ARRIVAL IN OTTAWA: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Sir Winston Churchill and the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, arrived at Rockliffe Airport, Ottawa, after their historic meeting in Washington, on June 29, and were met by the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent (right), the Cabinet and Commonwealth representatives.



RIVAL CAPTAINS: N. A. WINTER (LEFT), ETON, AND A. R. B. NEAME, HARROW, FOR THE MATCH AT LORD'S ON JULY 9-10.

The first Eton v. Harrow cricket match was played in 1805. This year's match will be the 119th, Eton having won 45 and Harrow 37, with 36 drawn.



RECEIVING A PRESENTATION FROM THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING (RIGHT).

At St. Mary's Hospital Medical School on June 29, to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the discovery of penicillin, the Duke of Edinburgh, on behalf of the Medical School, presented the discoverer of the drug, Sir Alexander Fleming, with a pair of George III. silver sauce tureens.



HEROES OF THE SECOND TEST MATCH: R. APPLE-YARD (LEFT) AND D. C. S. COMPTON (RIGHT).

During the second Test match at Trent Bridge against Pakistan, R. Appleyard, of Yorkshire, making his first appearance for England, broke the back of Pakistan's first innings by taking five wickets for 51, the side being all out for 157. England replied with a mammoth total of 558 for six wickets declared, of which D. C. S. Compton, playing his 100th Test innings, made 278, the highest Test innings of his brilliant career. England won by an innings and 129 runs.



IN RANGOON FOR DISCUSSIONS: THE CHINESE PRIME MINISTER, MR. CHOU EN-LAI (LEFT).

Mr. Chou En-lai arrived in Rangoon on June 28 on his way home from New Delhi, where he had been having talks with Mr. Nehru, Prime Minister of India, and spent several hours with the Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu (in white cap), before leaving the following day. Earlier the Chinese leader had visited the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.



AROUND THE CHESSBOARD: SOVIET AND BRITISH MASTERS AT A RECEPTION IN LONDON.

A three-day chess match between Britain and the U.S.S.R. began in London on July 3, and above we show (l. to r.) C. H. O'D. Alexander (G.B.), P. Keres (U.S.S.R.), H. Golombek (G.B.; captain), Mr. G. S. A. Wheatcroft, President of the British Chess Federation; Mr. V. Postnikov, chairman of the U.S.S.R. Chess Delegation; and V. Smyslov (U.S.S.R.).



ADDRESSING A PRESS CONFERENCE: EX-FIELD MARSHAL PAULUS.

The former Nazi Field Marshal Friedrich Paulus, who commanded the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad, on July 2 made his first public appearance since returning from Russia last autumn when he addressed the German and foreign Press in East Berlin. At his Press conference he strongly condemned the policy of the Bonn Government.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

BUSINESS AND ART.

By ALAN DENT.

OCCASIONALLY even the film-critic is moved to concede the possibility that film-making is in general a mere industry and that art has very little to do with it. How else explain the frequency with which we see good artists doing humdrum work in mediocre films, films so mediocre that they can hardly even hope to be popular?

In some cases we must assume that the artist "must do something for a living" and has not the

the Glen," and of Shirley Booth in "About Mrs. Leslie." Mr. Welles has thought it fun—or been persuaded to see that it might be fun—to appear as a South American millionaire who becomes a laird in the Scottish Highlands, and finds that he has chosen the least likely race in the whole wide world on whom his wealth and importance can make any impression whatever. Miss Booth has compliantly consented to appear in a variant of her huge success, "Come Back, Little Sheba," but a variant watered down to a state of insipidity.

Both artists should, of course, have protested. There is said to be a voluble critic in every true artist. The critic in Mr. Welles, then, ought to have said something like this: "This South American laird is not really a good enough part for me. I don't appear with any advantage to my own reputation which, after all, has been made in films which I wrote all by myself and which I have followed up with Macbeth and Othello and these you must allow to be considerable and worth-while parts (whatsoever you may think I have made of them)." This laird spends his first scenes with his feet in hot mustard-and-water as a protest against the Scottish climate, vanishes for long stretches in the middle of the film, and then reappears in the last sequence, resplendent rather than impressive in a kilt.

Intermittently Margaret Lockwood flounces on the screen, and then flounces off it, as the laird's daughter, who is a bit of a Spanish spitfire. But most of the time is given to a little girl crippled with poliomyelitis, who longs to see the factions of the glen dissolved in universal amity, and when she at last does see them so dissolved through the window of her room, falls out of her bed in ecstasy, and automatically recovers her health and strength. These stretches are of a music-underlined sentimentality which would make Mrs. Henry Wood herself blush for very shame.

Miss Booth's protest might have been even more indignant. She might easily be imagined as saying: "You cannot really ask me yet again—so soon after Sheba—to be an apartment-housekeeper who is

fluttering, sweet, and 'getting on,' and who tries to manage the matrimonial affairs of the young things who hire her apartments. It really does not make much difference that the house is now in the Beverly Hills district of Hollywood, that the young things are now budding actors and actresses instead of college-students, and that I now have only a rich, kind, and protective business-man in my past, instead of a drunken husband and a lost dog in my present!"

One's real objection to this casting is that Miss Booth has for some time now been a Broadway star in her own right, and there is therefore no kind of necessity in the drive which makes her appear in films at all, or in any film that is not directly of her own choosing. The part of Mrs. Leslie would have been jumped upon and could have been played almost as well by half-a-hundred of the ageing stars of Hollywood itself. With Miss Booth, in short, the dread of unemployment can hardly be said to exist.

Over-employment might equally be said to be the condition of Jack Hawkins and Glynis Johns. And it is, of course, always a pleasure to see these two dears. But can we readily imagine them—as they have been only too ready to imagine themselves—as early settlers in New Zealand around the year 1820?



"THE STRANGER'S HAND" (BRITISH LION FILM CORPORATION): MAJOR COURT (TREVOR HOWARD), AFTER A THRILLING RESCUE FROM ENEMY AGENTS BY JOE HAMSTRINGER (RICHARD BASEHART) AND THE ITALIAN POLICE, IS DELIGHTED TO BE REUNITED WITH HIS SON ROGER (RICHARD O'SULLIVAN). (GENERALLY RELEASED, JULY 5).

means or the courage to decline a part, howsoever unrewarding or cheap or unworthy. In others the artist is obviously weakly yielding to a mere repetition of a former success, complying with a formula, choosing the easy way of keeping himself or herself before the public eye.

Respective examples of these two guiding motives are the appearances of Orson Welles in "Trouble in



THE ATTACK ON THE WHITE SETTLEMENT IN "THE SEEKERS": WISHART (KENNETH WILLIAMS) HAS BEEN FATALLY WOUNDED AND SPEAKS HIS LAST WORDS TO THE GROUP AROUND HIM—MARION (GLYNIS JOHNS), WAYNE (JACK HAWKINS) AND PADDY (NOEL PURCELL). THE FILM IS AN ADAPTATION OF JOHN GUTHRIE'S NOVEL.

This is their guise in the film called "The Seekers." They make very nice settlers, and a little Javanese actress called Laya Raki makes a very nice little native unsuttler, and there are a formidable lot of cannibalistic Maoris, led by the opera-singer Inia Te Wiata, who all contrive to look bloodthirsty and the colour of stewed apricots at one and the same time.

It is fair to add that I enjoyed this film very much indeed, though rather in the way that a small boy enjoys "Martin Rattler," or "The Settlers in Canada," or in the way that many grown-ups enjoy Wild Westerns in the cinema. From these latter sort of films "The Seekers" is for me, in fact, a pleasurable change. It has had the singular courage, too, to kill off our settlers in the end (not to mention the little unsuttler) and to leave their baby alive to symbolise the spirit of England crowing triumphantly over cannibalism and pagan and tribal anarchy!

And then, just as I am about to despair about our best film-actors throwing themselves away on foolish or sheerly sentimental or boisterously unworthy material, I come upon a film called "The Stranger's Hand," which gives me pause. This has been devised by Graham Greene, and it presents us with an accepted film-actor, Trevor Howard, at the very top of his talent as an English officer caught up in a murky business of international espionage in the back-canals of Venice. This film has too much of the real art of the cinema to merit being dismissed for good at the tail-end of an article which is largely a wail of despair at the uncertain and incalculable nature of that art. Let me therefore return to "The Stranger's Hand," in a later survey, and say no more meanwhile than that the tale is confused here and there but suspenseful throughout, that Mario Soldati, who directs, is good enough to be called an Italian Sir Carol Reed, and that Mr. Howard gives a brilliant and worthy performance.



"THE SEEKERS" (GENERAL FILM DISTRIBUTORS, LTD.): MOANA, WIFE OF HONGI TEPE (LAYA RAKI), GAZES FASCINATED AT THE PROSTRATE FORM OF PHILIP WAYNE (JACK HAWKINS), WHO HAS JUST BEEN SAVED FROM BEING STABBED BY RANGIRURU (TONY ERSTICH), A MAORI WARRIOR, BY HER HUSBAND (INIA TE WIATA). (ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, JUNE 24.)

EGYPT, GERMANY, AMERICA AND HOME: NEWS FROM MANY SOURCES.



THE CRADLE OF A FAMOUS NEWSPAPER: THE FIRST OFFICE OF "THE LEEDS INTELLIGENCER"—FROM 1754-1824—THE FORERUNNER OF THE "YORKSHIRE POST," IN LEEDS, ON THE SITE WHERE THE ODEON CINEMA NOW STANDS.

In 1754 the *Leeds Intelligencer* was founded; and in 1866 became the daily newspaper the *Yorkshire Post*. The story of this great newspaper is told in "The Yorkshire Post: Two Centuries," by Mildred Gibb and Frank Beckwith, and members of the editorial staff of the *Yorkshire Post* and *Yorkshire Evening Post*, published by the Yorkshire Conservative Newspaper Company, by whose courtesy we reproduce our illustrations.



THE PRESENT CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE "YORKSHIRE POST," VOICE OF CONSERVATIVE OPINION IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND: CHARGE COURT, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.



EXAMINING THE SARCOPHAGUS IN THE UNFINISHED STEP PYRAMID AT SAKKARA WHICH WAS FOUND TO BE EMPTY WHEN OPENED: THE PRIME MINISTER, COLONEL NASSER. The Prime Minister of Egypt, Colonel Abdel Nasser, visited the unfinished step pyramid at Sakkara on June 29. Dr. Goseim, the discoverer, told him that he believed the empty sarcophagus was meant for the "kaa," or soul of the dead Pharaoh, whom he had identified as Sekhem-Khet.



RECEIVING THE "SKETCH" CUP AT THE EASTBOURNE B.A.R.C. RALLY FROM MRS. NORAH OWEN, FASHION EDITRESS OF THE "SKETCH": MRS. DIANA MAIDMENT. The proprietors of the *Sketch* presented a cup for the most highly placed competitor in the Concours d'Elegance, who had also competed in the driving tests in the afternoon in the same car at the B.A.R.C. Eastbourne Rally. Mrs. Maidment, passenger in C. Maidment's Jaguar XK 120, is seen receiving it.



FLYING A FLAG BEARING THE SWASTIKA: THE NAZI SUBMARINE U 505, DESTINED FOR THE UNITED STATES MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY; LYING OFF CHICAGO. The Nazi submarine, U 505, captured during World War II., arrived recently at the mouth of Chicago River, after completing the last lap of her voyage from Portsmouth. She is shown about to be boarded by a party including Rear Admiral D. V. Gallery, who headed the task force which captured her.



MR. BILLY GRAHAM IN GERMANY: THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST ADDRESSING A MEETING IN THE OLYMPIC STADIUM, WEST BERLIN. Mr. Billy Graham addressed a meeting in the Olympic Stadium, West Berlin, on June 27. It was organised with the assistance of the United East and West German Evangelical Church, whose head, Dr. Dibelius, led the closing prayer and gave the blessing. Dr. Schreiber, Mayor of West Berlin, was also present.

AFRICAN POLITICAL LANDMARKS, AND NAVAL AND MARITIME OCCASIONS.



AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE EMIR OF KANO: A MOUNTED TRUMPETER SOUNDS A FANFARE ON A LONG, SILVER TRUMPET BEFORE THE CHARGE OF 500 HORSEMEN.

(RIGHT.) ALHAJI MUHAMMADU SANUSI, THE ELEVENTH EMIR OF KANO, NORTHERN NIGERIA, WHO WAS FORMALLY INSTALLED ON JUNE 19.

On June 19 the Lieutenant-Governor of Northern Nigeria, Sir Bryan Sharwood-Smith, installed the eleventh Emir of Kano at the 1000-year-old city of Kano, on the fringe of the Sahara. A crowd of some 80,000 had assembled to see the colourful ceremonies. On a great dais, the Emir took the oath of allegiance on a Koran held by the Madakin Kano and the Liman of Kano. There were speeches by the Emir and the Lieutenant-Governor, followed by cheers and the sound of trumpets and guns, the presentation of the insignia, a ceremonial charge and the procession of a great cavalcade to the distant Palace.



THE FIRST ALL-AFRICAN CABINET TO BE APPOINTED IN BRITISH AFRICA: THE NEW GOLD COAST CABINET OF DR. NKUMAH, PHOTOGRAPHED AT ACCRA.

In the front row are: (left to right) Mr. A. Casely-Hayford (Minister of the Interior); Mr. Kodjo Botsio (Minister of State); Dr. Kwame Nkrumah (Prime Minister and Minister of Development); Mr. Agbeli Gbedemah (Minister of Finance); Mr. E. O. Asafu-Adjaye (Minister of Local Government). (Standing, left to right) Mr. J. Allassani (Minister of Education); Mr. N. A. Welbeck (Minister of Works); Mr. A. Ofori Atta (Minister of Communications); Mr. Ako Adjei (Minister of Trade and Labour); Mr. J. Jantuah (Minister of Agriculture); Mr. Imoru Egala (Minister of Health).



THE TRANSFER OF THE DESTROYER *CHIVALROUS* TO PAKISTAN: A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE ROYAL PAKISTAN NAVY MARCHING PAST THE SHIP AT THE TRANSFER CEREMONY AT LIVERPOOL.

On June 29 the destroyer H.M.S. *Chivalrous* was transferred on loan to the Royal Pakistan Navy in a ceremony at Liverpool. She was renamed H.M.P.S. *Taimur* by the Begum Choudri, wife of Rear-Admiral Choudri, C.-in-C., Royal Pakistan Navy.



THE 32,000-TON TANKER *BRITISH SOLDIER* IN THE CLYDE AFTER HER LAUNCHING AT CLYDEBANK BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT ON JUNE 30.

On June 30 Princess Alexandra of Kent fulfilled her first public engagement in Scotland when she launched and named the 32,000-ton tanker, *British Soldier*, at the shipyard of John Brown and Co. at Clydebank. This very large tanker has been built by John Brown and Co. for the British Tanker Company. This was



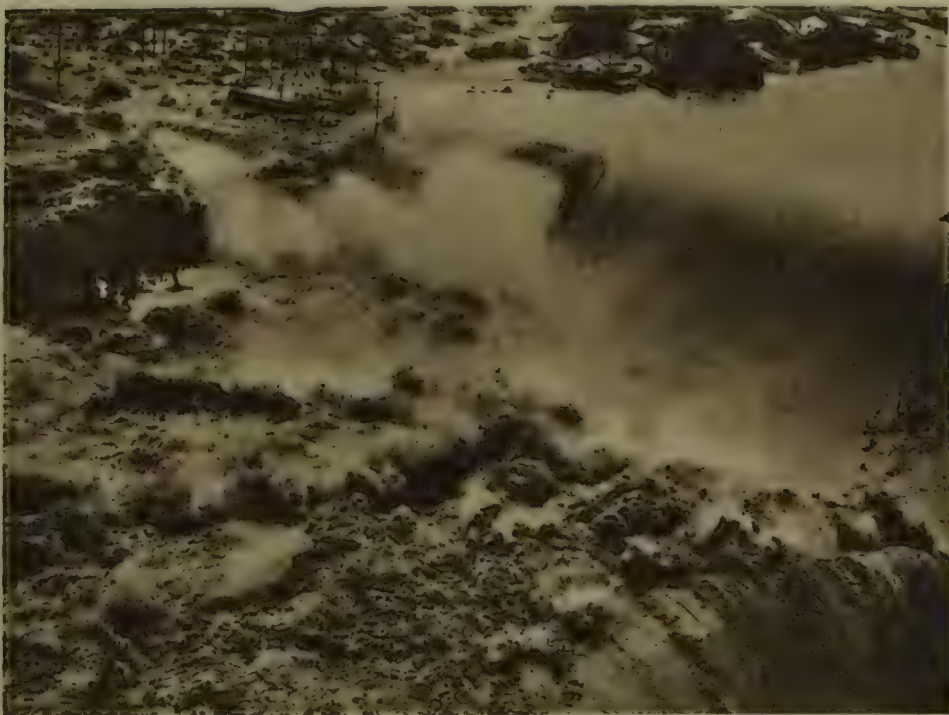
HER FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT IN SCOTLAND: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA LAUNCHING AND NAMING THE *BRITISH SOLDIER*.

the Princess's first ship-naming ceremony, and at a luncheon after the launch Lord Aberconway presented her with a diamond-and-ruby brooch in the form of an Alexandra rose; and the Princess said she would always treasure it as a reminder of her first official visit to Scotland and her first visit to Clydebank.

POLITICAL, TRAGIC AND UNUSUAL:
NOTABLE NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.



WITH WAVES CAUSED BY WATER LAPPING OVER THE SPAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE: THE FLOODED RIO GRANDE, WITH A HELICOPTER HOVERING OVER IT.



ROARING OVER THE LOWER DAM, SIX MILES NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE AND SOME TEN MILES NORTH-EAST OF DEL RIO, TEXAS: WATERS OF ONE OF THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE RIO GRANDE. In the Rio Grande Valley, where the river forms the boundary between the U.S. and Mexico, great damage was caused when the waters rose to flood height, destroying bridges, inundating towns and washing out railways. Helicopters did rescue work, and, for example, took 266 passengers from a stranded train near Del Rio. Warnings prevented loss of life in towns, but some people were drowned in country districts.



AFTER CRASHING IN THE SEA OFF THE BEACH AT HASTINGS: A SINGLE-SEATER AIRCRAFT WITH THE PILOT SEATED ON THE WING, AND RESCUERS SWIMMING NEAR. A single-seater aircraft from Lympne airfield crashed into the sea near the beach at Hastings on July 2. The pilot, a qualified commercial pilot, climbed on to a wing and was rescued by the combined efforts of three men. One swam out fully dressed; the others followed with a line and lifebelt.



A FRENCH RAILWAY DISASTER IN WHICH OVER THIRTY PEOPLE WERE KILLED: THE LYONS-NIMES DIESEL EXPRESS AND A GOODS TRAIN AFTER COLLIDING. On July 3 the Lyons-Nimes Diesel express and a goods train were involved in a head-on collision near Valence, in the South of France. By Sunday over thirty bodies had been recovered and thirty people had been taken out injured. An error in setting the points is reported to have caused the disaster.



WITH MONSTER-SCARING FACES ON THE SEATS OF THEIR PANTS: MEMBERS OF THE CRILE FAMILY ON THE "TREASURE DIVING HOLIDAYS" THEY DESCRIBE IN A FORTHCOMING BOOK. We recently illustrated Dr. Hass's "shark-scaring" underseas umbrella. Here we show the family of Dr. and Mrs. Crile about to go underseas, with terrifying faces made of red mending tape on the seats of their pants to keep off savage fish. Dr. and Mrs. Crile's book "Treasure Diving Holidays," appears on August 9.



GUATEMALAN LEADERS IN SAN SALVADOR: COLONEL MONZON AND COLONEL ARMAS (THIRD AND FOURTH FROM L.), WITH COLONEL FUNES AND SENOR SALAZAR, BEFORE NEGOTIATING. As a result of negotiations in San Salvador (neutral territory) the rival Guatemalan leaders, Colonel Armas (rebel leader) and Colonel Monzon (head of the provisional military junta) on July 2 signed a pact to end the war, and returned to Guatemala City together, where they were enthusiastically welcomed on July 3.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HAND IN HAND.

By J. C. TREWIN.

EARLY in "We Must Kill Toni," at the Westminster Theatre, my thoughts flicked back to another occasion (which I did not attend). This was the performance of the mock-Shakespearean tragedy of "Vortigern," William Ireland's ill-fated deception, at Drury Lane in 1796. What finally sealed the play's doom was the line, "And when this solemn mockery is ended," as spoken by Kemble with sepulchral emphasis.

No doubt I remembered it because "solemn mockery" is exactly the phrase for "We Must Kill Toni." Here Ian Stuart Black is burlesquing the kind of melodrama in which the heiress to an estate finds herself in deadly peril. To succeed, such a parody as this should be acted with extreme seriousness. Proceedings on the stage should be a "solemn mockery," while we in the audience have both to laugh at the burlesque and, at the same time, to be excited by the alarms of the plot: a very difficult business.

The principal figures at the Westminster (and, having just met the play, I write for a moment in the present tense) are the Brothers Oberon: they sound like a music-hall act, though nothing could be less of the halls than their majestic demeanour. As the curtain rises they sit with the decanters on a spring evening in an old English country house. At the top of a staircase armour glimmers. A stag's head stares above the mantelpiece. The beams are, undeniably, of the oldest oak. Certainly the butler is, though superficially he looks frail enough, a good match for the retainer in "The Cherry Orchard."

The Brothers Oberon wear kilts; there seems to be some Scottish blood in the family. Not that it matters; presumably the kilts—like much else in the play—are purely decorative. At the premiere the curtain had not been up five minutes before we realised that this was a solemn parody; that it was of no use to apply the usual tests to the plot, and that all depended on our sympathy with the author, our response to the burlesque.

"Murder or marriage? An intriguing alternative." That, in effect, was the first line (the dramatist might have found another epithet, but, at any rate, he did not use "colourful"). Presently we knew that since the Oberon estates must pass to Cousin Toni, the nearest female relative of the brothers' great-grandmother, these dear people had every reason for getting her out of the way. We knew also that since Toni was acted by Dulcie Gray, it was highly improbable that the brothers would succeed. "People don't do such things," as a character says in a rather different piece.

Ian Stuart Black has ventured upon one of the most awkward types of play in the theatre. He has for ever to be jumping from one tight-rope to another, unable to hold his balance for long. Soon, surely, he must fall. How long can he keep it up before his solemn mockery is ended? I felt that "Toni" ended none too soon. Mr. Black has not much invention. There are only five people in the cast, and that is fatal; even if we are sworn not to judge the piece by any normal rules, we imagine that the Oberon establishment could have run to another retainer or so: a parlourmaid at least.

Now and again, while we waited hopefully, Mr. Black seemed about to bring off his joke. Always, alas, laughter was strangled at birth. On paper, I agree, this might be amusing: Mr. Black is urbane, and at times his dialogue has a nice sham-grandiloquence. It is when the plot is exposed to our view in the theatre for two hours and a half that we begin to probe it and to see that it is gauzy-thin. Maybe, at heart, we were yearning at the Westminster for the lost days of "The Cat and the Canary"—who remembers that now?—for shrieks, green lights, slow-sliding panels, and all the apparatus of the

ghoul-and-gun play. "Toni," in performance, is neither one thing nor the other.

Norman Marshall has adjusted his production to the mock-solemnity of the text. It is carefully symmetrical. The brothers walk, as it were, hand in hand. Fraternally, gravely, they debate the merits of

should have worked, I think, in some desolate Grange during the early 1860's. (Possibly he did.) I liked his careful reference to the local chemist as "the apothecary."

For all this, the play hardly came over. We neither laughed with ease nor felt the spine cooling. I wondered what audiences of a century-and-a-half ago, chilled by the true Gothick of "Monk" Lewis, would have made of this brand of parody. Lewis's "The Castle Spectre" (1797) was done at a London club theatre a few years ago. I have always cherished its determined effects:

ANGELA: Away! Approach me not! Dare not to touch me, or this poniard—

OSMOND: Foolish girl! Let me but say the word, and thou art disarmed that moment. (His eyes rest upon the hilt, and he starts back with horror.) By hell! The very poniard which—

ANGELA (in an exulting tone): Ha! Hast thou found me, villain? Villain! Dost thou know this weapon? Know'st thou whose blood encrusts the point? Murderer! It flowed from the bosom of my mother!

OSMOND: Within there! Help! Oh! God in heaven! (He falls senseless in the arms of Hassan and Alaric, and they convey him from the chapel.)

ANGELA: He faints! Long may the villain wear thy chains, oblivion!

That is the grand manner. I shall not be surprised if Mr. Black's "solemn mockery" wears the chains of oblivion quite soon.

A play that has shaken off the chains arrived in N.W.8 on a bright summer evening. It was "Sir Thomas More," a composite chronicle by "divers hands," which interests us now because Shakespeare is thought to have written a passage in it. We all sat round the arena stage at the Theatre Centre in St. John's Wood, waiting for More's address to the rioters, the work of "Hand D." The fault of this chronicle, which has some very playable scenes, is its entire absence of form. There is no plot. It is simply

the life and death, rise and fall, of Sir Thomas More, told with little idea of theatrical development. Certain passages are quick and virile, and some limp along: once or twice we get a true gleam of verse, frequently a hint of Shakespearean phrasing. At the end we are well aware of More's noble character (Michael Beint proved to be an actor of sympathy).

A good collectors' evening, then, if hardly an over-mastering theatrical experience. Brian Way's arena-style production, with everything happening in the midst of the audience, worried me a little, but I am not naturally an "arena" enthusiast. It is the sort of production that takes a long time to reach the point; and it is disconcerting to know that, at any moment, half the Tudor peerage may trip over your outstretched leg, or that

you will be hailed ignominiously to Newgate as a May Day rioter. But Mr. Way did manage matters elaborately in his chosen fashion.

Finally, at the Arts Theatre Club, illusion and reality are hand-in-hand in Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of An Author." It is a sound revival with one exceptional performance, Mary Morris's Step Daughter, a scorching flame. Largely because of her, I felt that Pirandello was better company than usual.

Postscript: The name of Oberon, at the Westminster, recalled another matter. One of the great English poets, in a Robin Hood play with a sudden dream of Fairyland, so far forgot his sense of humour as to write this dialogue for Titania and her principal attendant:

Pertest of our flickering mob,
Wouldst thou call my Oberon Ob?
Nay, an please your Elfin Grace,
Never Ob before his face.

I should hope not; and I am sure that the Oberon brothers at the Westminster would object most violently.



"SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR": A SCENE FROM THE REVIVAL AT THE ARTS THEATRE, SHOWING THE STAGE MANAGER (GORDON BELL) AND ONE OF THE ACTORS (LEFT) KNEELING BY THE SON (ROGER GAGE) WHO HAS SHOT HIMSELF.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.

the sheer drop from the tower, the crumbling cliff, the old quarry, the cellar. They strut in unison. At one stage they look as if they are preparing to dance a decorous hornpipe together. Perhaps it is too stylised; we feel, doubtfully, that the players have seen the joke. And this should never occur either to us or to them.

Still, Michael-Denison and Alan MacNaughtan do keep their faces straight as they ponder the threat



"SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR," AT THE ARTS THEATRE: A REVIVAL OF PIRANDELLO'S FAMILIAR PLAY, WITH MARY MORRIS (CENTRE) AS THE STEP DAUGHTER AND REGINALD TATE (RIGHT) AS THE PRODUCER.

to their birthright; clearly they are giving all the consideration in the world to Toni's end. Mr. MacNaughtan gets the precise degree of meaning when he presents the poisoned chocolates (just another Oberon idea) with the words, "I hope you will like them. They are specially made." Dulcie Gray chirps blithely as the canary in danger; and at the premiere some of us could have done with very much more of Richard Goolden's aged butler. The man

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SIR THOMAS MORE" (Theatre Centre).—When Michael Beint, as More, looked down from the gallery upon a milling Tudor crowd, and spoke the lines, "For to the King God hath his office lent Of dread, of justice, power, and command," we were listening to a passage that may exist in Shakespeare's own autograph, the much-discussed "Hand D." It was at the centre of this serviceable "arena" production of a straggling chronicle-play, one of the Shakespeare Apocrypha, and generally believed to have been written by "divers hands." (June 22.)

"SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR" (Arts).—Here again is Pirandello's familiar play of reality and illusion, much helped now by the force and fire of Mary Morris's Step Daughter. Thanks to her, the revival may be remembered longer than others. (June 23.)

"WE MUST KILL TONI" (Westminster).—This is an urbane burlesque of a murder-melodrama, a "solemn mockery" that, for all our pleasure in its acting and production, seems to be uncomfortable in the theatre. It probably reads better than it acts, and to say that about a stage-play is hardly flattering. (June 29.)

REMARKABLE RUSSIAN PUPPETS FROM MOSCOW: AT THE LONDON CASINO.



"2-NIL IN OUR FAVOUR": VICTOR, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, WHO HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A SPORTS GIRL, IS SHOWN IN THE PALAEONTOLOGICAL MUSEUM, STUDYING A MEZOZOIC DINOSAUR'S VERTEBRÆ, WITH THE CURATOR, ON THE RIGHT.



"2-NIL IN OUR FAVOUR": VICTOR PROPOSES TO VERA IN A SAILING-BOAT, AND IS REFUSED. THE PROFESSOR, WHO HAS BROUGHT THE YOUNG PEOPLE TOGETHER, APPEARS, THE BOAT UPSETS, BUT VICTOR SCRAMBLES ON BOARD AND ALL IS WELL.



"2-NIL IN OUR FAVOUR": VICTOR, A GRANNY'S DARLING AND A MOLLYCODDLE, THOUGH A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST, IS BEING EXAMINED BY A DOCTOR WHO PRESCRIBES FRESH AIR. VICTOR THEN CALLS IN THE PROFESSOR NEXT DOOR, WHO RECOMMENDS SPORT, AND DRAGS THE PROTESTING VICTOR TO THE DYNAMO STADIUM.

A BRILLIANT and remarkable puppet entertainment from behind the Iron Curtain can now be seen at the London Casino, where until July 31 the Moscow State Puppet Theatre, directed by Sergei Obraztsov, Stalin Prizewinner and People's Artist of the R.S.F.S.R., is giving a season arranged on behalf of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. The puppets used do not resemble the usual variety operated from above by wires. They are glove puppets, specially made with a somewhat complex operating mechanism which is worked from below by the "actors," who use their hands. To make a puppet which can perform all the physical motions of a human being is not possible. No puppet, for example, can shave, bath, skate, jump from a height, sail a yacht, dance and do handstands; yet Victor, the hero of "2-Nil in Our Favour," has to do all these things. It was thus necessary to make a series of puppets, outwardly the same, but with different "anatomical" structure, and for this particular play thirty Victors were constructed. Sometimes two, three or even four additional "actors" are needed to help the basic "actor" or manipulator

[Continued opposite.]



"THE DEVIL'S MILL": LUCIUS, A DEVIL, GRADUATE OF THE UNDERWORLD ACADEMY, MEETS KACHA AT A CROSS-ROADS. SHE IS WISHING FOR A HUSBAND—ANYONE, EVEN A DEVIL WOULD DO. LUCIUS OFFERS A WIDE SELECTION.



"THE DEVIL'S MILL": HERE THE PRINCESS DISHPERANDA IS WITH HER MAID, KACHA. WHEN LUCIUS ENCOUNTERED THEM BOTH, AT THE CROSS-ROADS, HE SPLIT HIMSELF IN TWO, FOR "NO DEVIL CAN COPE WITH TWO WOMEN AT ONCE."



(ABOVE.) "AN UNUSUAL CONCERT," A SATIRICAL PARODY. TWO OF THE PUPPETS ARE DANCING THE TANGO VERMICELLI: (LEFT, BELOW) A DEMONSTRATION, SHOWING HOW THE GLOVE PUPPETS USED ARE WORKED FROM BELOW. THREE "ACTORS" ARE SOMETIMES NEEDED TO WORK ONE PUPPET.

Continued.]

with a puppet which has to perform some physical action. In "An Unusual Concert," one of the plays which we illustrate, a show-dance couple do the Tango—and the spectator can have little idea that in order to make this possible six "actors" are manipulating the pair. In one play a Ukrainian village has to be shown as villagers are coming out of church. In order to achieve the effect of perspective, the stage was made in five gradually ascending horizontal planes, with, in the foreground, large huts and trees; smaller ones in the middle distance and a tiny church in the background. For each personage in the play, five different-sized puppets were constructed, varying in height from 4 ins. to 2 ft. 6 ins. Small puppets emerge from the church, disappear behind trees, and are replaced by larger ones, and so on until the big puppets appear in the foreground. The plays presented by the Moscow State Puppet Theatre include fairy-tales for children and adults, comedies, stories (like "The Devil's Mill") based on folk tales; and sophisticated satirical parodies such as "An Unusual Concert."



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WHEN a really exciting new novelist happens to swim into one's ken, there must be grave concern over the follow-up. And with it, too, almost a likelihood of disappointment; because whatever he produces next, the surprise element—the first fine rapture of discovery—will have been superseded by great expectations. On that account, I was a little nervous of "The Thistle and the Grail," by Robin Jenkins (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.). Would it come up to "Happy for the Child"—let alone beat it, which of course is the desideratum? And at first blush I thought it hadn't. I missed the intense quality, the pity and horror, the rather frightful beauty of the earlier book. Absent they are—but why count on the same again? While "Happy for the Child" was a dark story, this tale is an exuberant and spacious comedy on a dark ground. It is a divergence, not a falling-off. And in one way it has the pull: unlike its forerunner, it can be called delightful.

Its theme is the new faith and hope, intoxicant and glory of the Scottish poor: the sacred game of football. In Drumsagart they have not much else to live for. There is a small industrial town, riddled with poverty and "idleset"—dreich, joyless, Calvinistic in a vacuum. Though on the credit side there is no lack of hardihood and humour, or forceful and free speech. But the philosophers daily assembled at the Mercat Cross ("even in a thunderstorm there might be a quorum") are not there purely for the fun of it. Mostly they are the unemployed, the worn-out paupers, men with intolerable homes—and with no pride or comfort but the Thistle Club. To cheer the Thistle on to victory, each one would spend his last coin in the world, or get up, literally, from his death-bed. Now they are baulked even of that; and a ninth grovelling defeat at home suggests the propriety of sacking the committee and burning down the pavilion. It is the black hour before dawn. Just at this point, the Club decides to try an unknown collier lad—on the desperate ground that his girl Mysie cracked him up—and Turk McCabe returns from England. Turk is a simian and ageing freak, training on "beer, fags and fish suppers," while Alec Elrigmuir looks too good to be true. But their first minutes with the team provoke a wild surmise—and then a dizzy, agonising scramble for the Junior Cup.

There is a heavy lead in Andrew Rutherford, the president of the Club and most back-bitten figure in the town. He is a kindly, shamefaced man, halting between two loads—a scornful, Socialist old father and a domineering wife—and he too has his nadir and recovery. This part, though necessary ballast, is perhaps rather admirable than entirely clear. But there can be no two ways about the football saga—so full of glory and suspense, so richly, lyrically funny, and so inventively worked out. For there are sundry crucial games, without an instant of monotony. The ingenuous Alec and his Mysie have a comic charm; and the Drumsagart chorus is superb.

OTHER FICTION.

The other day we had an animated story of intrigue in Washington, garbed as a moral tale. "A Stranger to Myself," by Seymour Shubin (Ernest Benn; 12s. 6d.), is about crime and justice in America, and really is a moral tale: one of the most perfectly constructed and powerfully effective I have ever read.

Paul makes his living as a "true detective" writer: that is to say, by dishing up the best topical murders for the magazines, in gruesomely dramatic form, and preferably before trial. In theory the police won't split, but there are some amenable to friendship, and a modest bribe. Paul realises that the stuff is tripe; and he knows very well it is not true. For one thing, all the officers have to be perfect gentlemen—though Paul has glimpsed them on the job, and his chief contact is a fanatic for "mussing-up." Because to Ferguson, all the accused are guilty, and every criminal is a mad dog. He should know best, so it is not a point of conscience; and, anyhow, Paul's stories are comparatively true.

Still he aspires to higher things, and on the day Crisponi is condemned he has begun a novel. Crisponi murdered an insurance agent, buried the body in a wood, and was found out through a straight tip. He is not *Squadcar's* meat—but now the editor decides that Claire Crisponi would be human drama. Why not get her reaction on the night her husband goes to the chair? Paul can't help gasping, but complies; and from that night he is plunged headlong into initiation. Everything gives under his feet—till, in the lowest depth of all, he is the fiend, the monster on the run, the candidate for mussing-up.

His ordeal is not only horrifying but poignant. It is a ghastly tale; the "true detective" snippets, on their own, curdle one's blood. And it is too well made, too crammed with symmetries and retribution, to rise above moral melodrama into the tragic class. But it has as much reality and feeling as the genre allows, and far more than you would expect.

"Guttersnipe," by Gerald Kersh (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is not short of grotesquerie and horror, or of nasty crimes, or of symmetrical surprises. Two of its seven "little novels" are about murder; "On The Other Hand" has mutilation as the crux; "Last Love" approaches a duet of death-beds via an amputated leg. Not even the Napoleonic fantasy of "Teeth and Nails," or the Ruritanian fantasy of "The King Who Collected Clocks," can be called very genial in substance. Yet they add up to gaiety and relaxation—thanks to the author's showmanship, which is unique, to his inventive energy, which never fails, and perhaps also to the complete unrealism. We have had better and worse books from Mr. Kersh; but worse or better, he is unapproachable.

"Put Out the Light," by Seldon Truss (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), starts with the murder of the butler at Chesson Court. This refined guest-house, run by a disagreeable old Colonel and his lovely wife, is just then sheltering a Cabinet Minister, a distinguished woman surgeon and an American heiress. Moon has apparently been struck down by a ladder-thief aiming at Sharon's jewels. And her reaction is to rush off to the Ginger Cat—where, in Dame Alice's "Circle of Youth," wide boys from the East End come under the refining influence of debutantes. It is a lively little tale, very engaging on its lighter side.

CHESS NOTES.

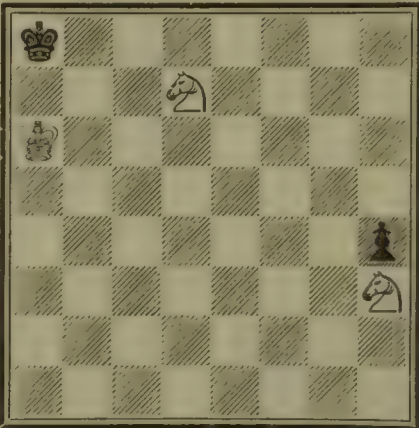
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

EVERYBODY knows that two lone knights "can't mate." Actually they can! Our first part-diagram shows a legal position in which Black has been well and truly mated. "Can't force mate, then," comes the correction. Yes, that is better. Only by exceptional good fortune, or stupidity on Black's part, could White have achieved a consummation so devoutly to be wished.



All this assumes that Black has been denuded of everything but his king. If he has just one pawn left—this is one of the quaintest anomalies in the whole of chess—it may be possible to force him into mate.

Black.



White.

Here, White plays 1. Kt-B4. Had Black nothing but his king, he would now be stalemated. But possessing a pawn, to his chagrin, he can move 1... P-R6. There follows 2. Kt-Q5, P-R7; 3. Kt-B7 mate.

Black.



White.

Exceptional positions exist in which one knight can mate. A game in California a few weeks ago showed what unexpected resources can exist in the most attenuated of situations.

I imagine Black hardly expected to be mated in three; but 1. Kt-B7, 2. Kt-Q3 and 3. Kt-B5 left him little enough choice of move, as trial will show!

years I feel less and less inclined to emulate, the activities of Arctic explorers. Months of darkness and further months of snow, ice and skree have, I fear, little attraction for this essentially old-fashioned humanist, for whom snow has only one attraction, which is when it is in the European Alps and sloped downhill. Nevertheless, "The White Desert" is by no means a dull book, and Captain John Giaefer is obviously as good a writer in his original Norwegian (because it reads so well in English) as he is an intrepid individual and a courageous member of a team.

Last, but far from being the least agreeable of my books this week, must be "My Wild Goose Chase," by Bill Powell (Allen and Unwin; 16s.). As a fellow wild-fowler, I must agree with Peter Scott, who writes in a charming brief introduction to the book that "Bill Powell's book is full of good, sound wild-fowler's lore most vividly illustrated by the stories and anecdotes of which it is made up." A pleasant book, written by someone who, unless his literary style belies him, must be an exceptionally pleasant man.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

PRIMITIVE MAN; AND A SPANISH HERO.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that I cannot read American. The spoken language, including such dialects as New Englander, are fairly easy to master, but the written speech of our Allies, particularly when handled by scientists, is a very different matter. I say this as the result of reading the introduction to a most interesting book, "Primitive Heritage," collected and edited by Margaret Mead and Nicolas Calas (Gollancz; 21s.). Miss Mead is, I understand, a well-known anthropologist, and this anthology of writers on anthropology which she and her collaborator have collected is first-class. Miss Mead, on the other hand, has a style which for scientific obscurity takes a lot of beating. It is not just such terrible words as "conceptually" or "phenix-wise," which come out of the same linguistic bottom drawer as "price-wise," or the even more terrifying: "I am progressing the matter" (which I have, with my own eyes, seen go unrebutted in internal memoranda of a great group of British industrial companies). It is the resolute dedication to technical obscurity which has defeated me. "Any savage baby can grow up to take the subway—if brought young enough into the subway-taking world." That is clear enough. "Savages are as contemporary as we are, we have learned. They are non-literate, because they lived too far from the sources of human civilisation; the ancient Britons, though fully as savage, were more accessible to Rome." This passage, though a lot clearer than most, kept me awake for a long time one night. I think I see what Miss Mead is getting at, but I am not sure. Does she mean that the savages were (or are?) more civilised or no more uncivilised than the ancient Britons (in which case she may be a good anthropologist, but she knows little of immediate pre-Roman Celtic history, the chiefs of the Belgæ, for example, having at least as high a standard of civilisation as many subway riders), or what? In the same way, I am not clear whether, at a later stage, she deplores the impact of Western civilisation on savages or not. I think, peering out from under my shaggy post-Neanderthal brows, that Miss Mead and I are on the same side in this matter. Still, it is unkind to quarrel. The book, and not the introduction, is the thing, and what an interesting book it is! Miss Mead and Mr. Calas have cast their net widely. Heroditus and Tacitus find a space for their observations on the folk customs of the Persians and of the Germanic tribes. Less worthy, perhaps, of inclusion, though amusingly grouped under "The Mythical Past," are Rousseau on the first societies, Engels on the "Gens and its simplicity," and poor, mad Nietzsche on "blood and cruelty as the foundation of all good things." For the rest, the anthology covers most countries and many ages. For those who are interested in anthropology the range is satisfying. For those whose first contact this is with that inexact science, it will serve as a highly interesting introduction.

Among the curious folk activities of the vanished past is a description by Bernardino de Sahagun on the Aztec human sacrifices. I have never, as I have pointed out on other occasions in this column, been a great admirer of the Aztecs and the Incas, whose "civilisation" did not include writing or the invention of the wheel. On the other hand, Don Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, the hero of "Conquistador," by Stephen Clissold (Verschoyle; 15s.), shows that among the conquistadores themselves, ruthless and cruel as they were, there was a certain respect for the enemies whom they conquered by courage, strategy, or shameless double-dealing. One of the most moving descriptions in the book is of the execution of Tupac Amaru, the last of the Incas, in Cuzco in the year of the accession of Queen Elizabeth I. Pedro Sarmiento arrived, as he frankly told the Inquisition—into whose hands he fell, partly as a result of an earlier practical joke which he played on them, partly on a charge of necromancy—"like others, to make his fortune." He did so, however, a little late in the day, when the first and greatest exploits of the conquistadores were already history. Nevertheless, this extraordinary man made a notable contribution to the story of Latin-America. He was evidently a first-class navigator and was largely responsible for the discovery of the Solomon Islands. He was a doughty fighter on land as well as by sea, and but for the misfortunes which seem to have dogged him, might well have risen even higher in the services of the King, to whose cause (as well as to his own enrichment) he dedicated himself. He nearly caught Sir Francis Drake. He was himself captured by Walter Raleigh and treated as an honoured guest of the Court of Queen Elizabeth I., where his excellent command of Latin enabled him to win the favour of that gifted monarch. Mr. Clissold's book is written in a style, the clarity of which is an admirable comparison with that of Miss Mead, and which vividly brings to life the whole astonishing *Blüteperiode* of Spanish conquest and occupation of Latin-America before it fell into decline.

To come nearer our day and age, there is "The White Desert," by Captain John Giaefer (Chatto and Windus; 25s.). This is the official account of the Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic expedition from 1949 to 1952. I will always admire, though with advancing years I feel less and less inclined to emulate, the activities of Arctic explorers. Months of darkness and further months of snow, ice and skree have, I fear, little attraction for this essentially old-fashioned humanist, for whom snow has only one attraction, which is when it is in the European Alps and sloped downhill. Nevertheless, "The White Desert" is by no means a dull book, and Captain John Giaefer is obviously as good a writer in his original Norwegian (because it reads so well in English) as he is an intrepid individual and a courageous member of a team.

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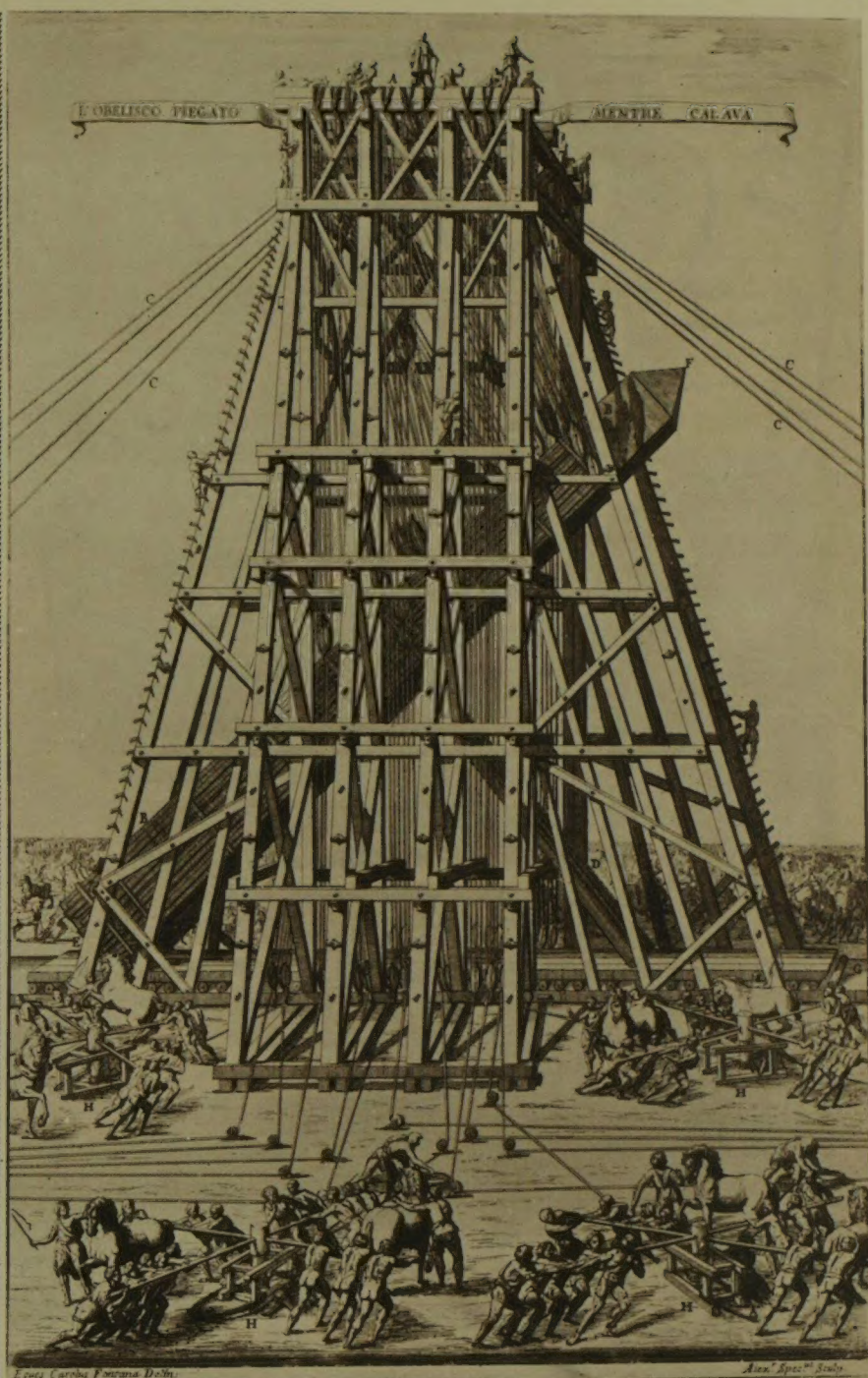
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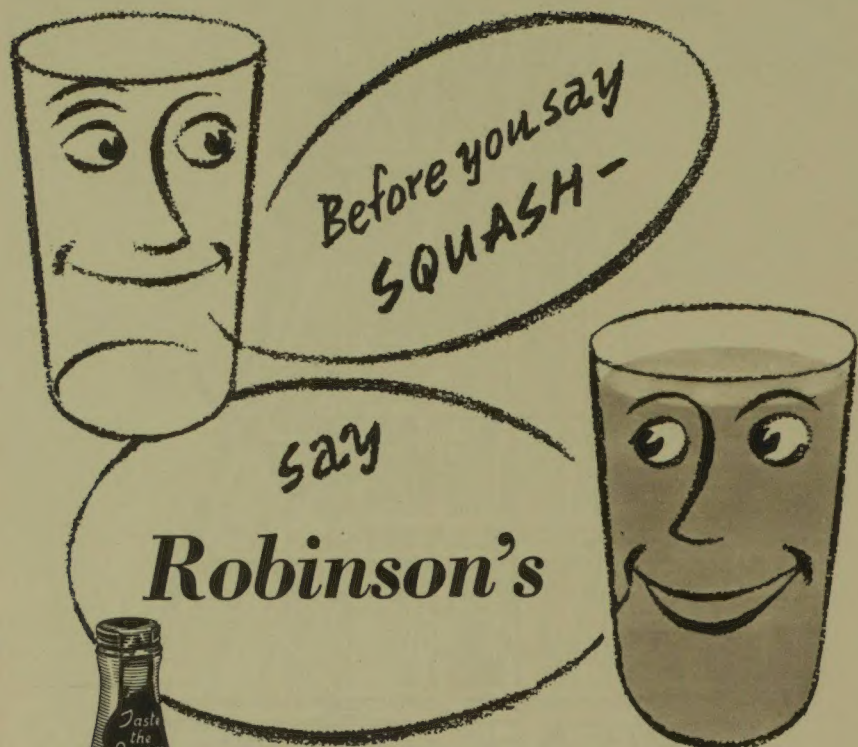
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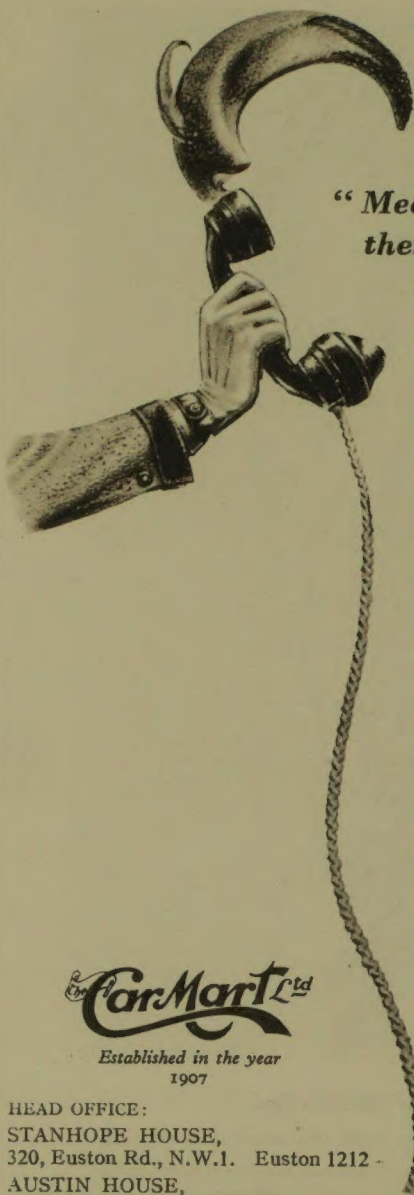
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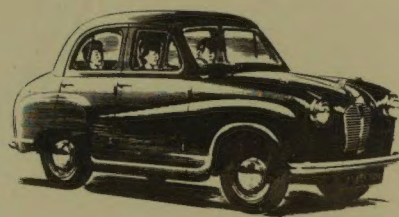


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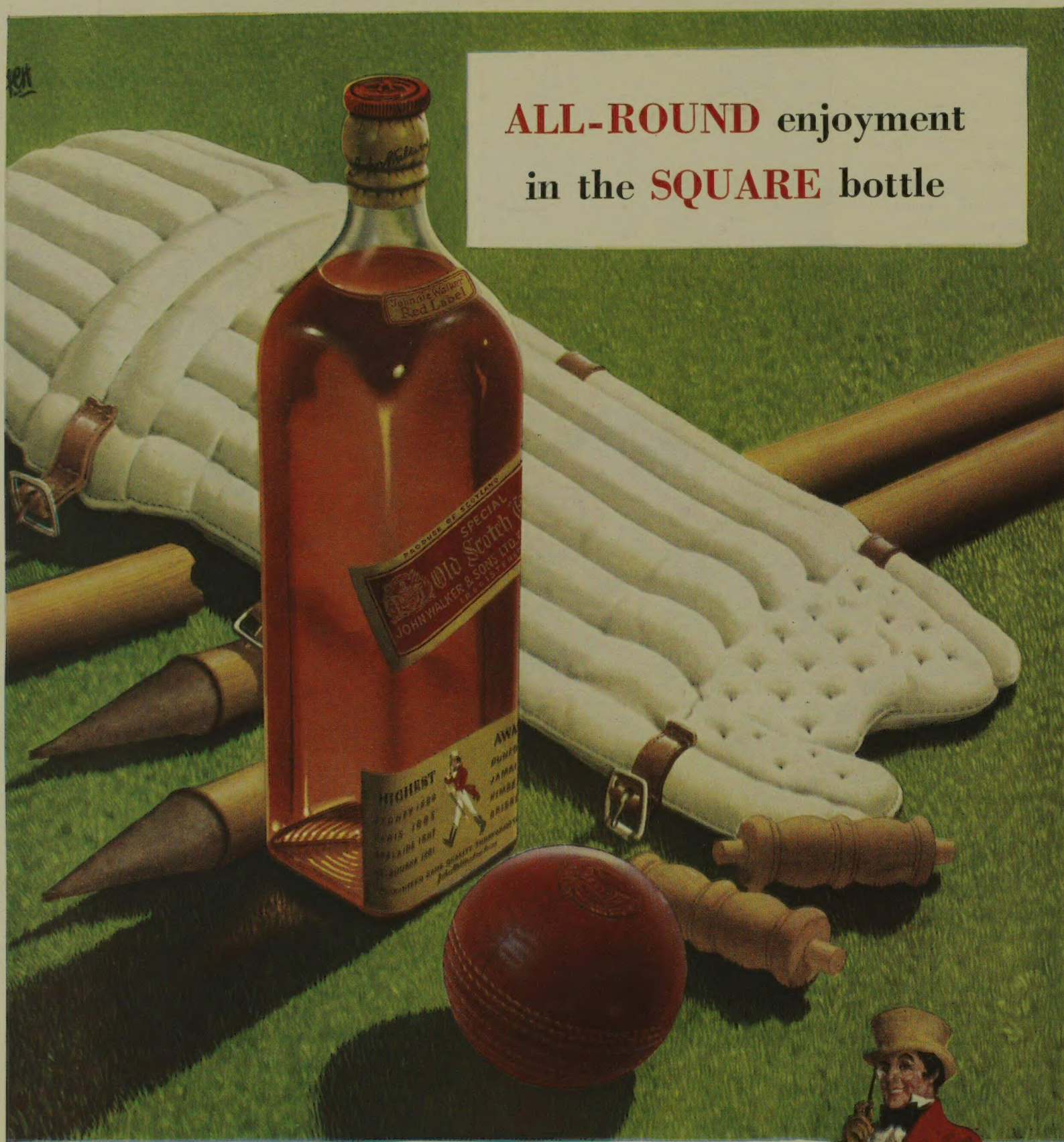
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